

JANUARY No.46

CANDY

10c

ANC



AMERICA'S FAVORITE TEEN-AGE GIRL

TED DAWSON, WILL YOU QUIT
PLAYING WITH EVERY
STRAY DOG
YOU SEE!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



GIVEN!

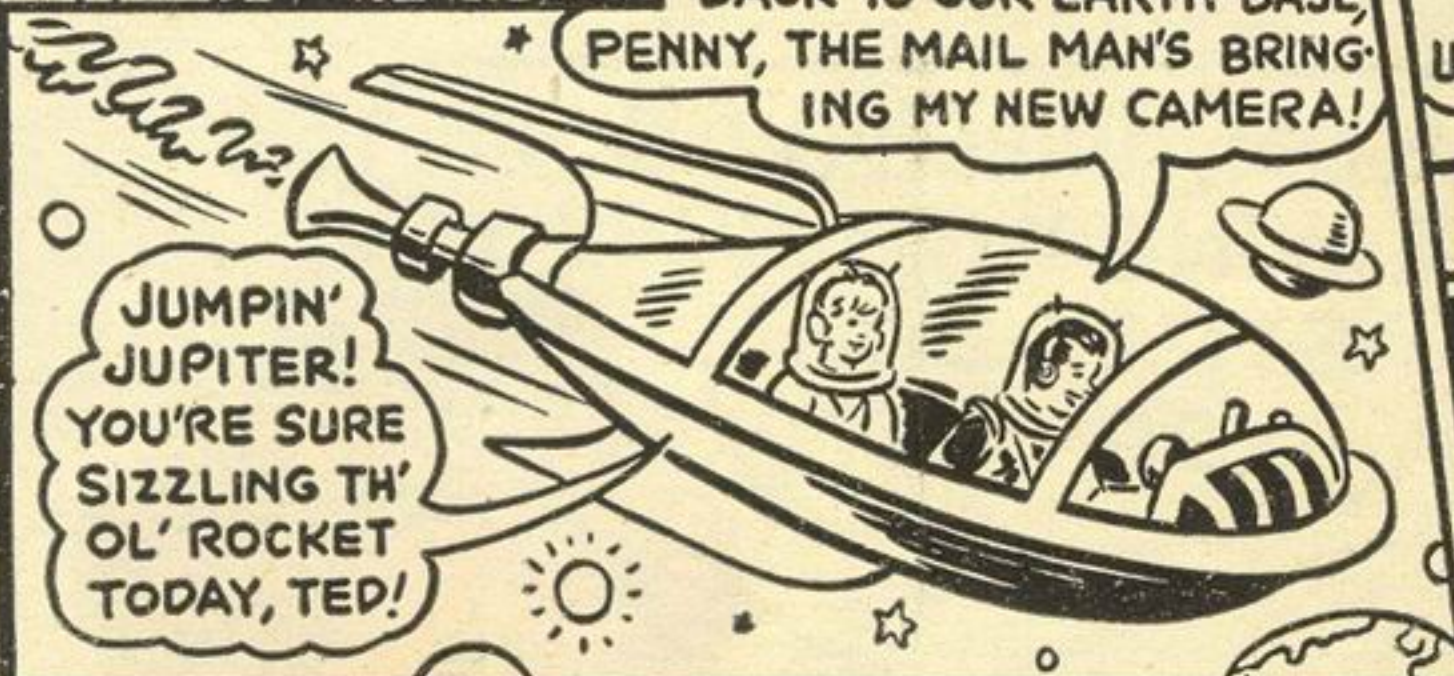
BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

MAIL COUPON

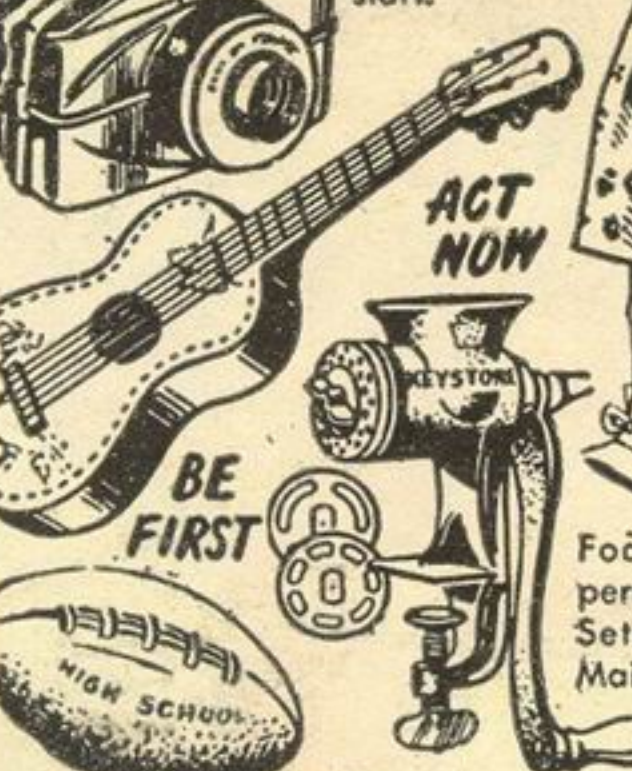


Fishing Outfits
... Flashlights
... 1000 Shot
Daisy Air Rifles



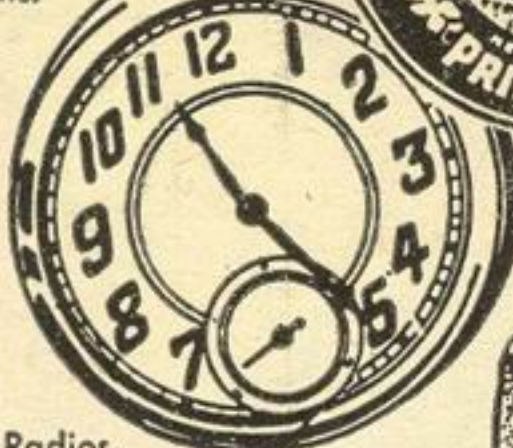
WE ARE RELIABLE!

Cameras, Corn Poppers, Speedball
Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware,
Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail
coupon for SALVE
and pictures to
start.



ACT NOW

Ukeleles,
Watches,
Lovable
Dolls.



Radios,
Candid Cameras with carry-
ing cases, Telescopes, Roller
Skates (sent postage paid)
... Mail coupon to start.



LET'S GO!



OUR 58th YEAR

Alarm Clocks,
Pen & Pencil
Sets, etc.
Mail
coupon.

MAIL COUPON! GET BIG CATALOG!

Candid Cameras with carrying case,
Telescopes, Watches (sent postage
paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with
White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE
easily sold to friends, neigh-
bors, relatives at 35c a box
(with picture). Alarm Clocks, Pen
& Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Tele-
scopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware,
Record Players. Movie Machines
(postage pd.). Rush cou-
pon to start!

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 108, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pic-
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to
sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked
within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commis-
sion as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent
with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ R. D. _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____
PRINT LAST NAME HERE _____

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

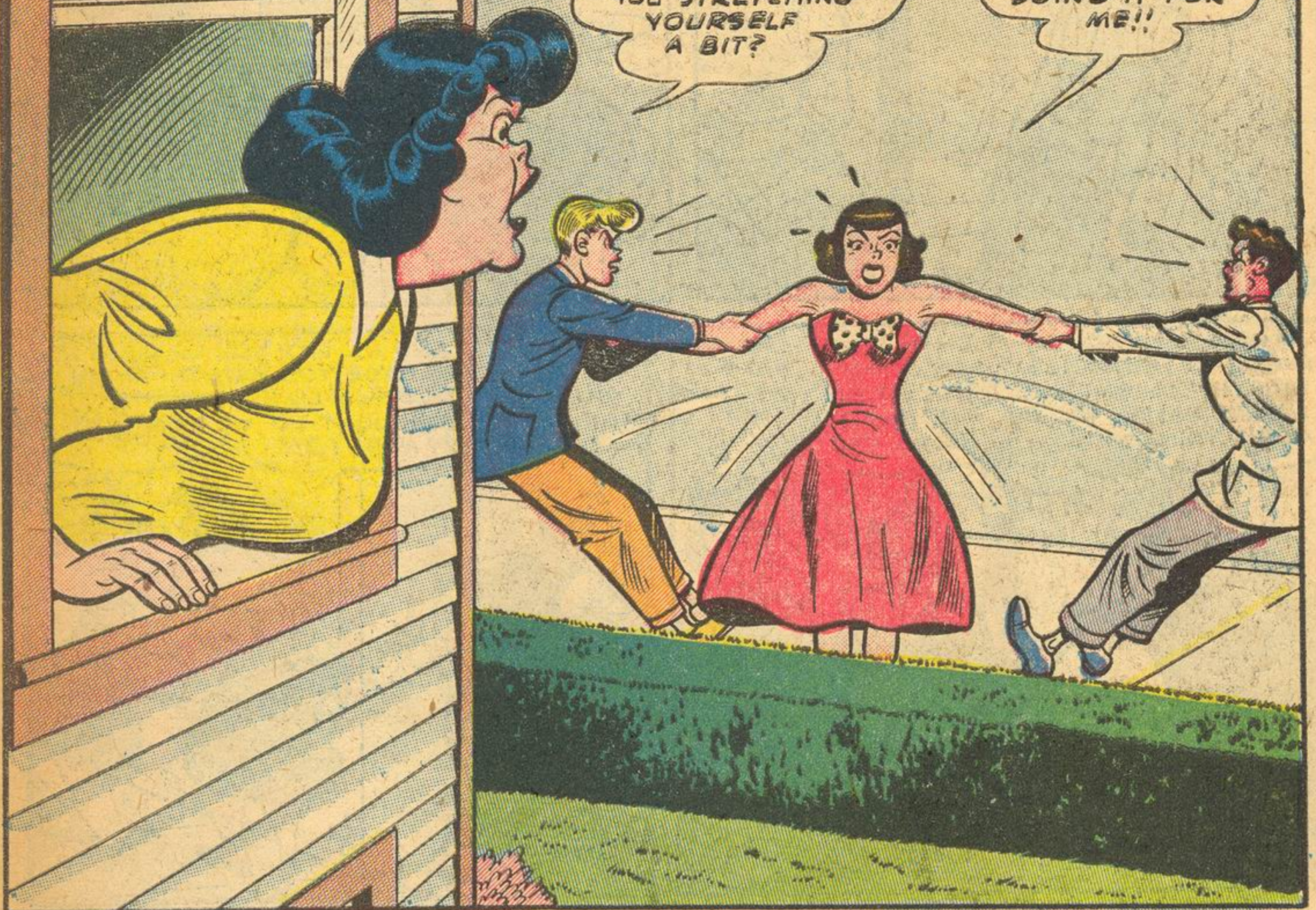
OUR 58th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL

CANDY

DOUBLE-DATE
DILEMMA^{PD}

AFTER ALL, CANDY! -- A DATE
WITH TWO FELLOWS
AT ONCE! AREN'T
YOU STRETCHING
YOURSELF
A BIT?

NO! -- THEY'RE
DOING IT FOR
ME!!



TINA!! IT FINALLY
HAPPENED!!
THROCKMORTON
PRENDERGAST ASKED
ME TO GO TO THE DANCE
WITH HIM TONIGHT!

THROCKMORTON
PRENDERGAST??
IS THAT A NAME
OR A DISEASE?



YOU SHOULD HAVE SUCH A DISEASE! HE'S
THAT NEW BOY WITH THE BROWN HAIR
AND GORGEOUS BLUE EYES!

--AND A STUNNING YELLOW
CONVERTIBLE?..

THAT'S HIM!

OO DROOL OO



I SIMPLY MUST GET HOME AND LIE DOWN FOR A FEW HOURS, TINA! THIS WHOLE EXPERIENCE HAS PUT ME INTO A COMPLETE STATE OF EXHAUSTION! SIGH!

WELL, HERE'S SOMETHING THAT'LL SNAP YOU OUT OF IT, CANDY! YOU ALSO MADE A DATE WITH TED! -- REMEMBER?



EEEEKLES, TINA! THAT'S RIGHT, I **DID!**

OLD TINA'S SURE-CURE SHOCK THERAPY! IT NEVER FAILS!



HY, PRINCESS! YOU'RE GOING TO THE DANCE WITH ME TONIGHT LIKE WE ARRANGED, AREN'T YOU?

OH--UH-- WHY SURE TED! I'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON!

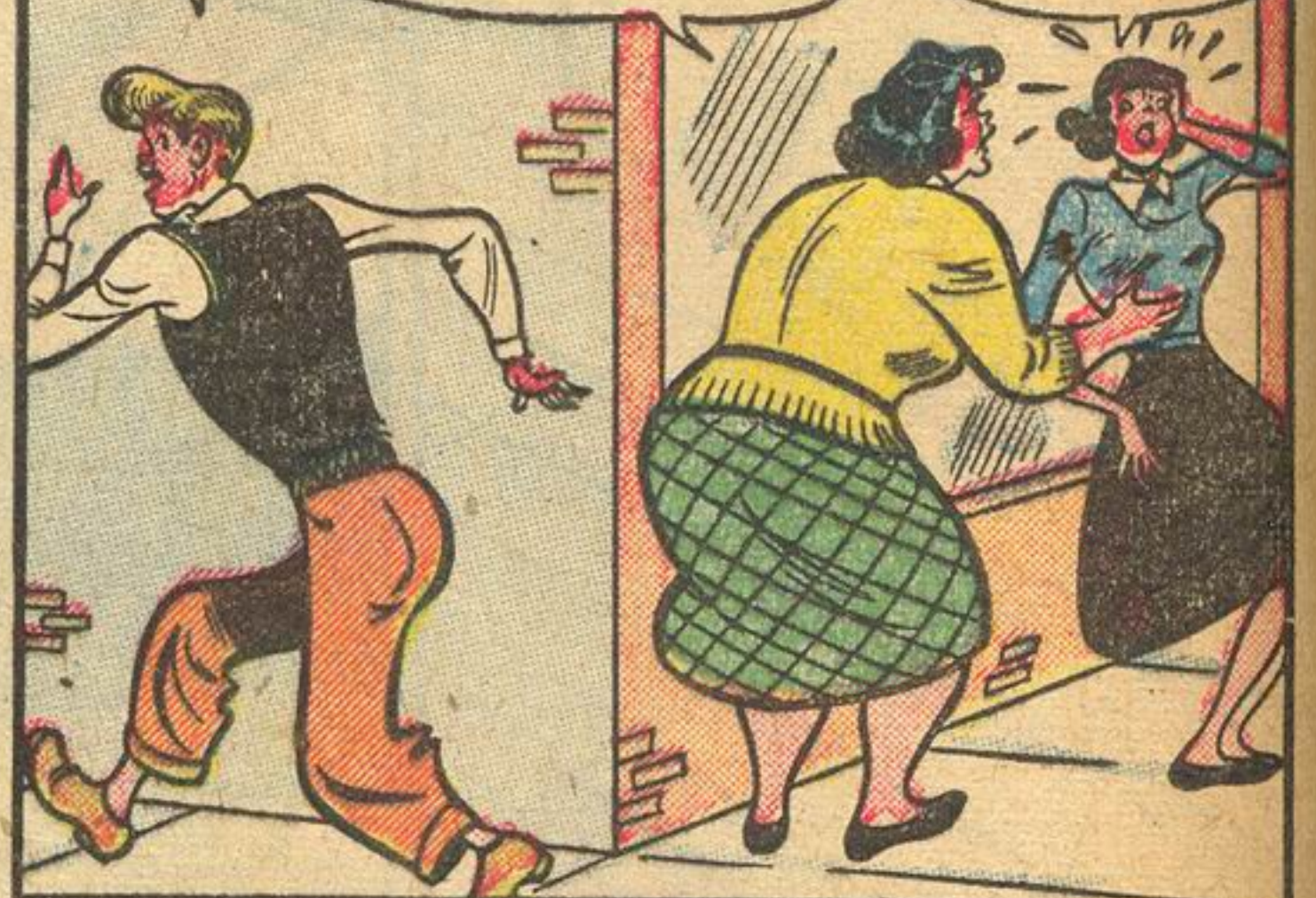
SPELLED B-O-Y-S!



SWELL, DOLL! I'LL PICK YOU UP AT EIGHT!

AND I'LL PICK YOU UP RIGHT NOW IN CASE YOU FAINT-- WHICH IT LOOKS LIKE YOU MIGHT DO ANY MINUTE!

WHEW!



OH, TINA! WHATEVER WILL I DO NOW?? ONE DATE WITH TWO FELLOWS!..

YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO BREAK ONE OF THEM! THE DATES, THAT IS!



YES! BUT WHICH ONE?

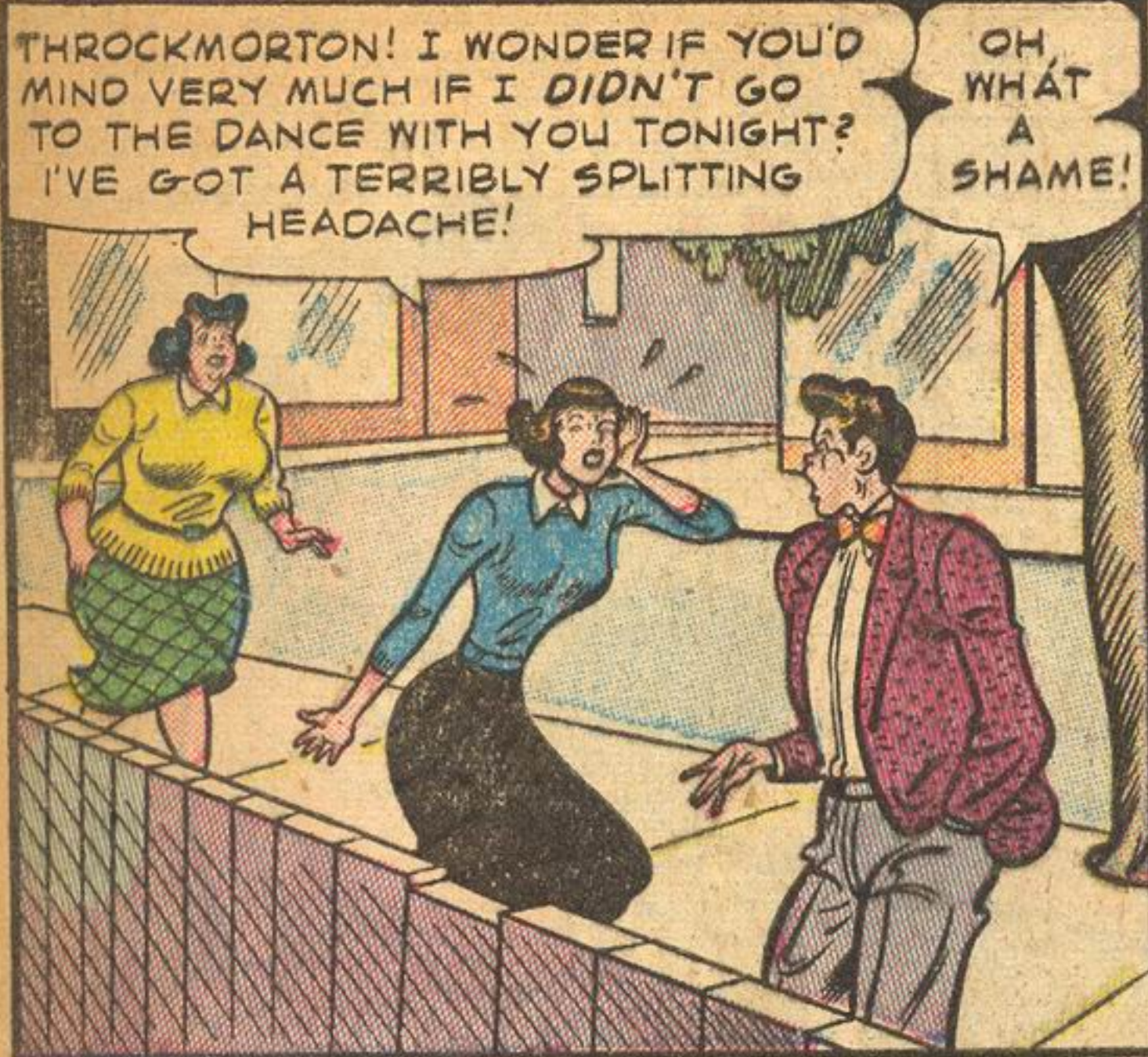
I THINK YOU SHOULD KEEP YOUR DATE WITH TED! AFTER ALL HE DID ASK YOU FIRST!

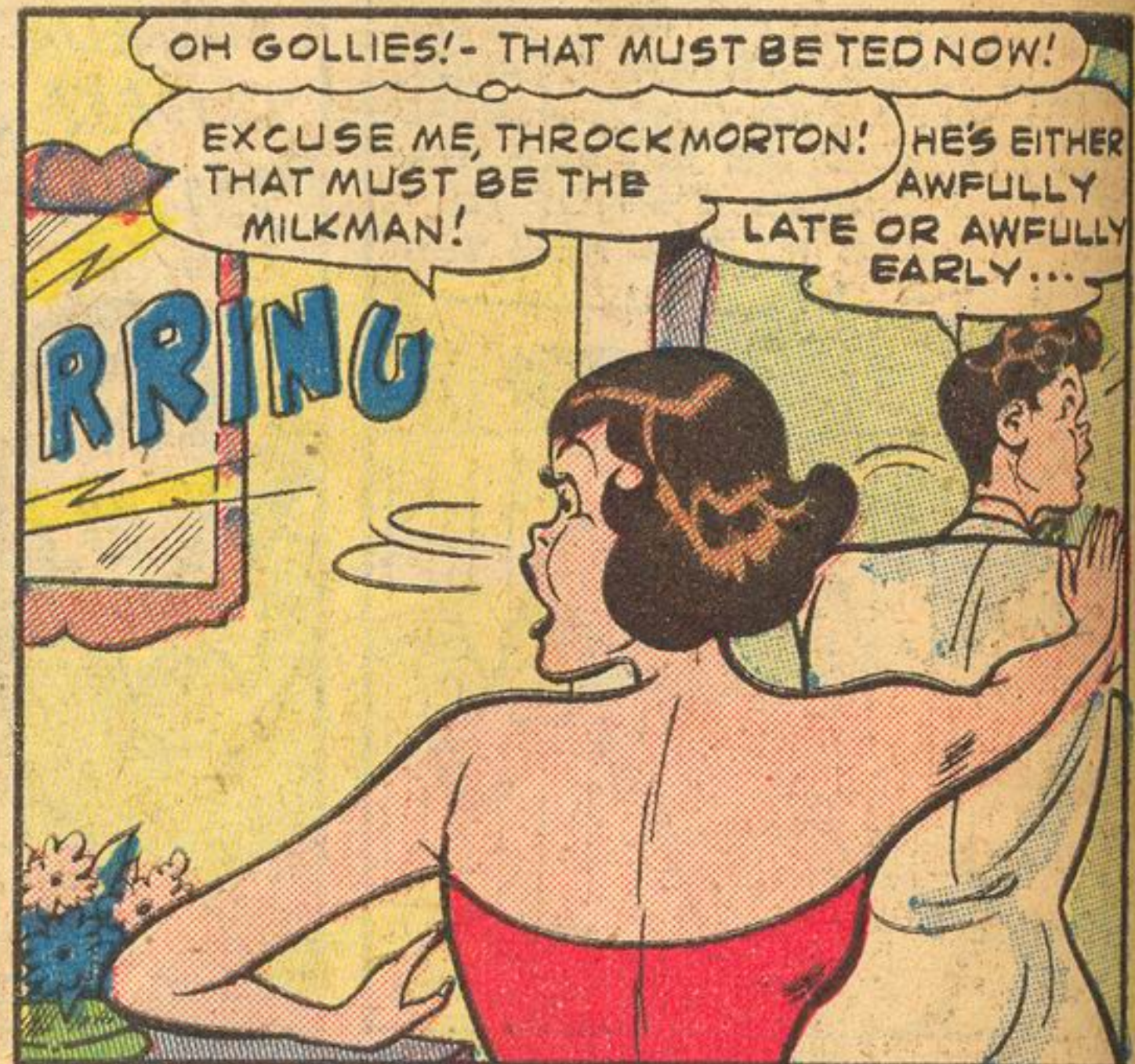
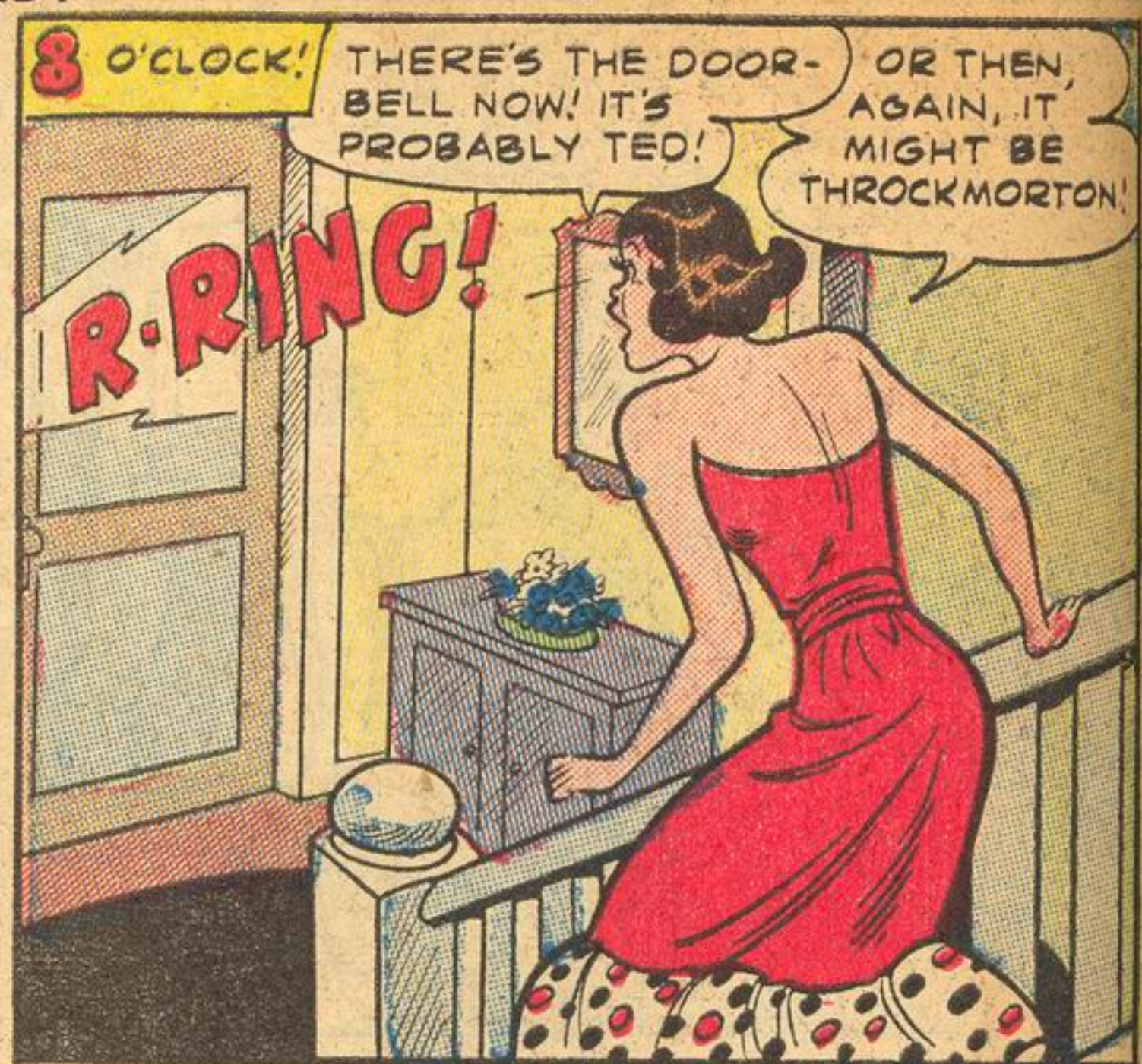
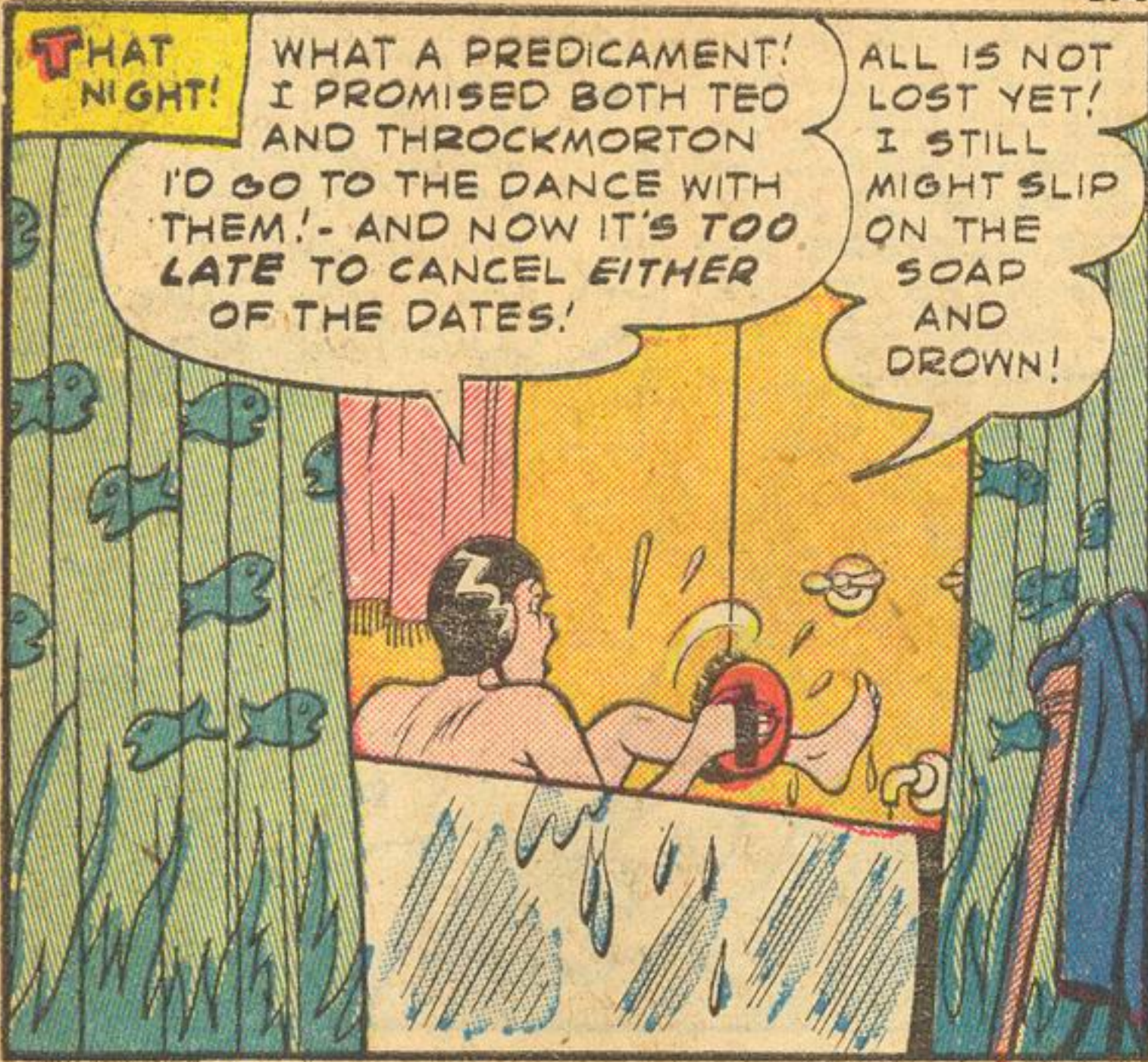


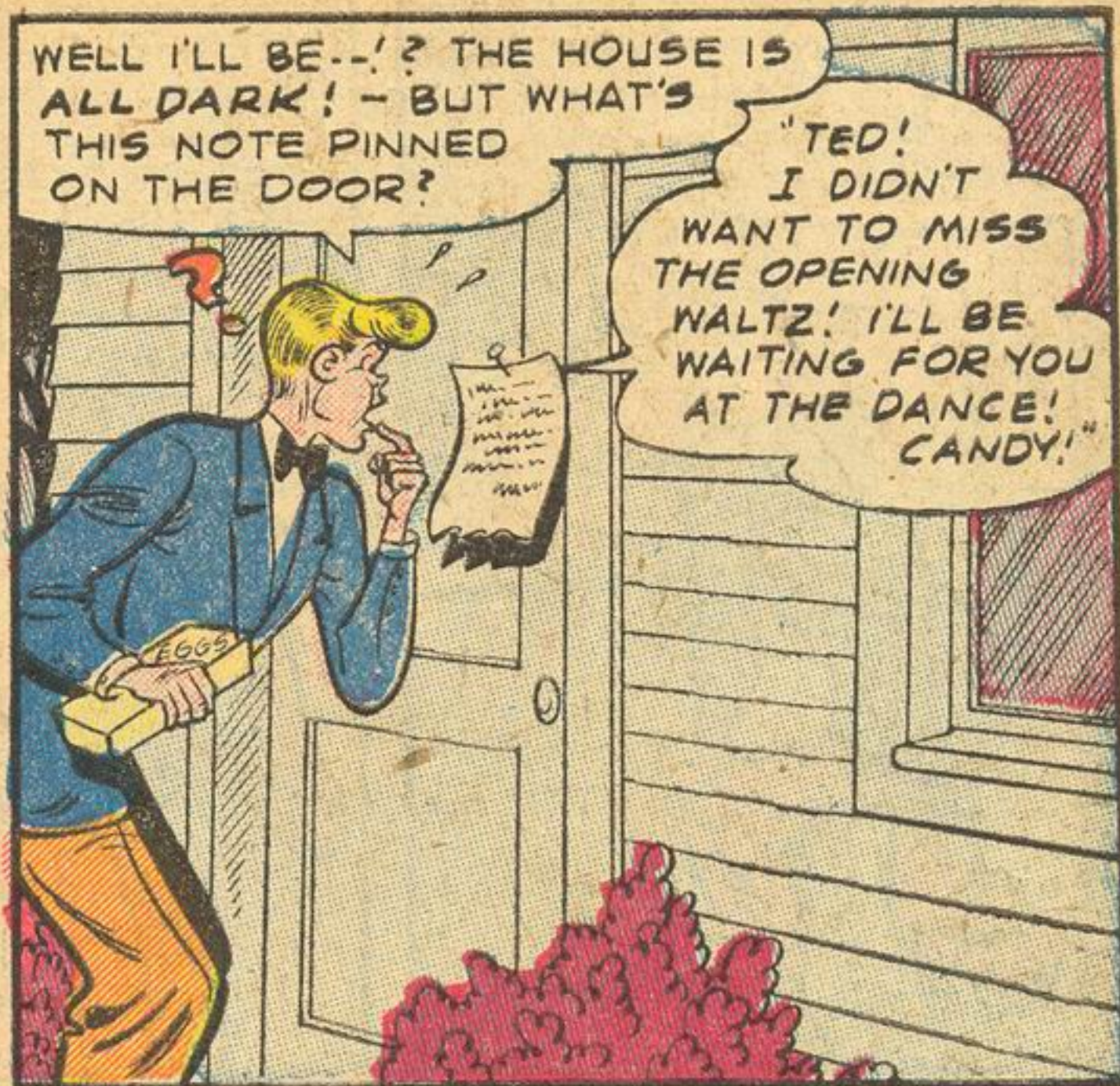
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL JUST HAVE TO TELL THROCKMORTON IT'S ALL OFF! SIGH!

STOUT GIRL!

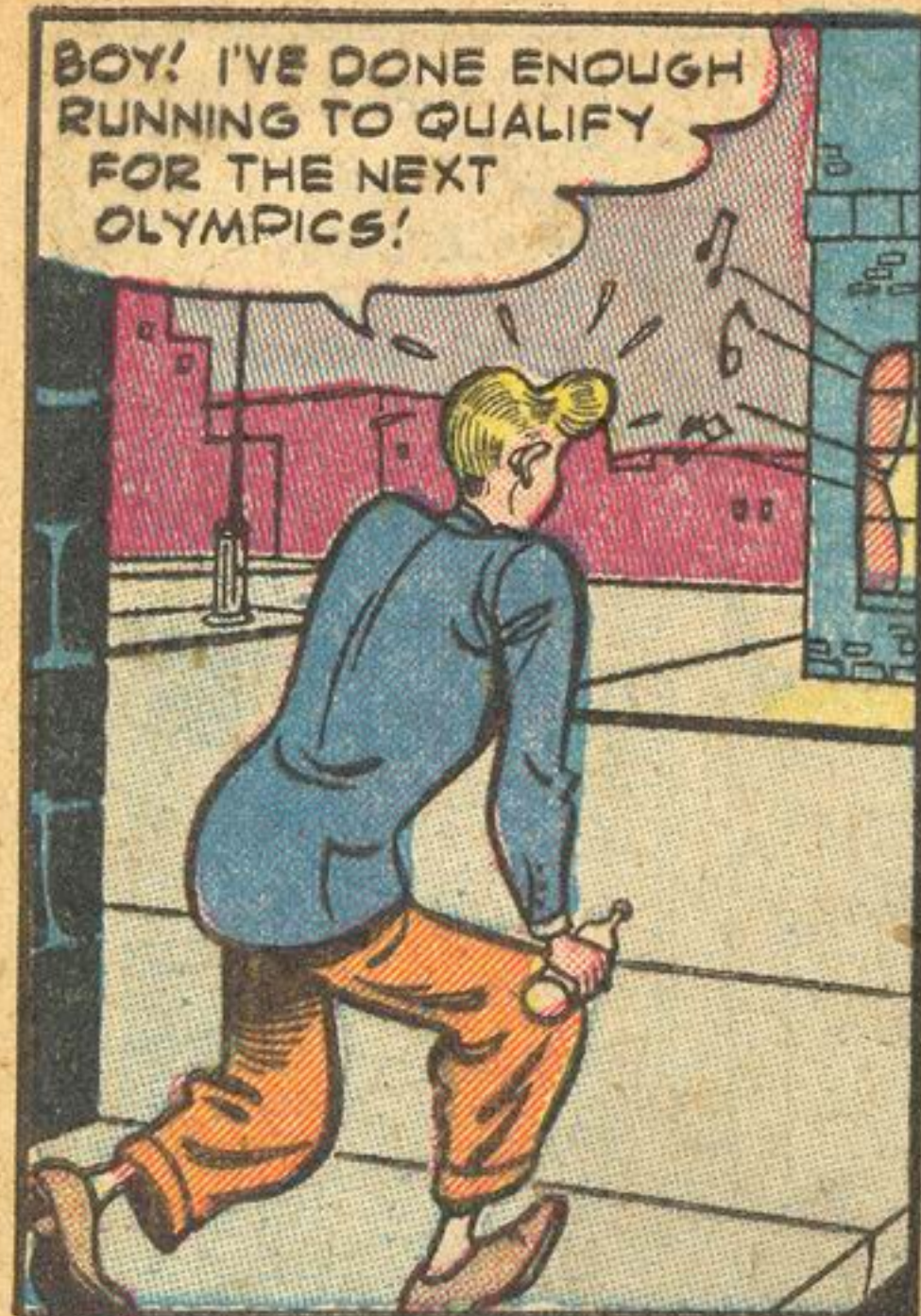








CANDY



Will Bragg

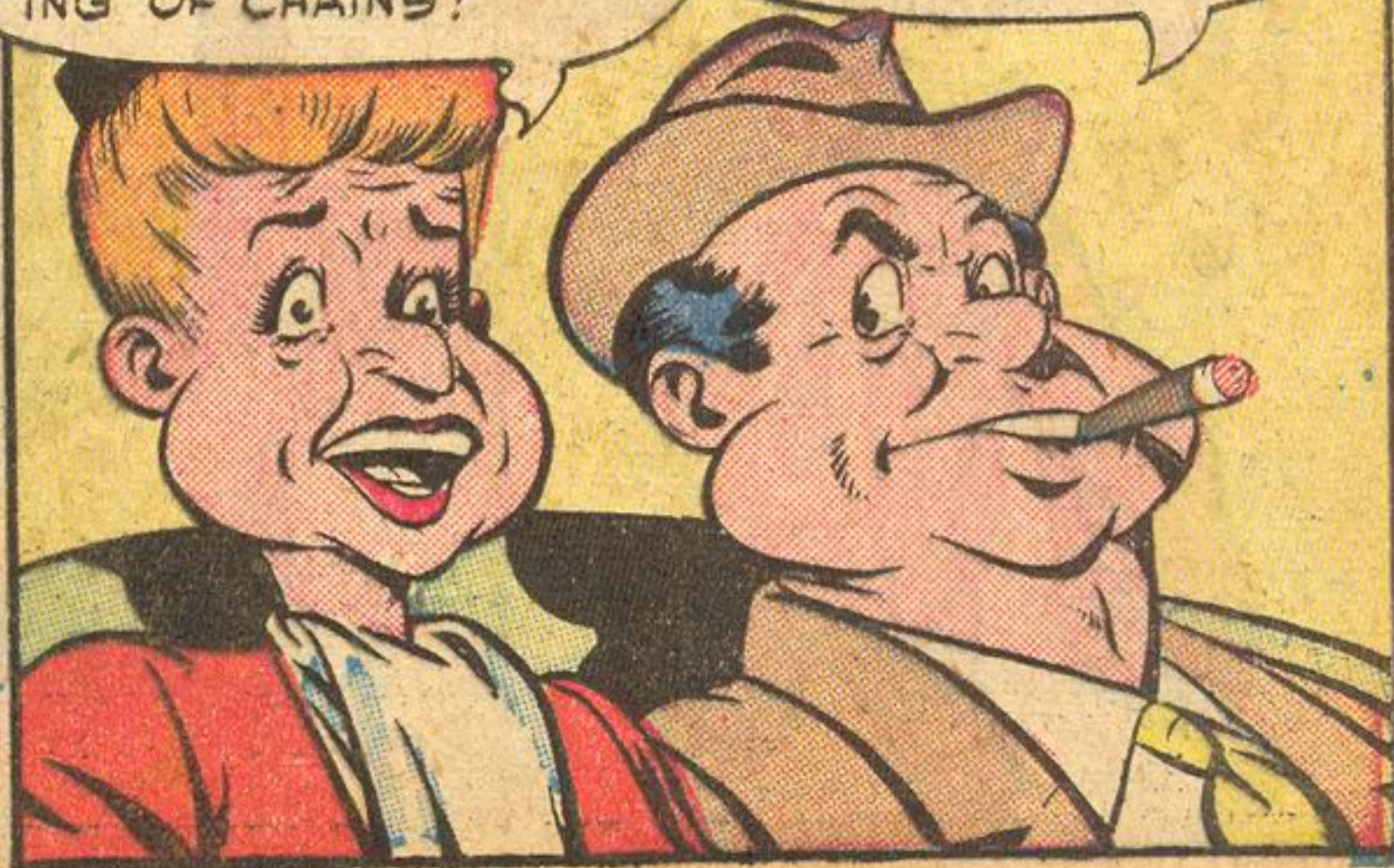
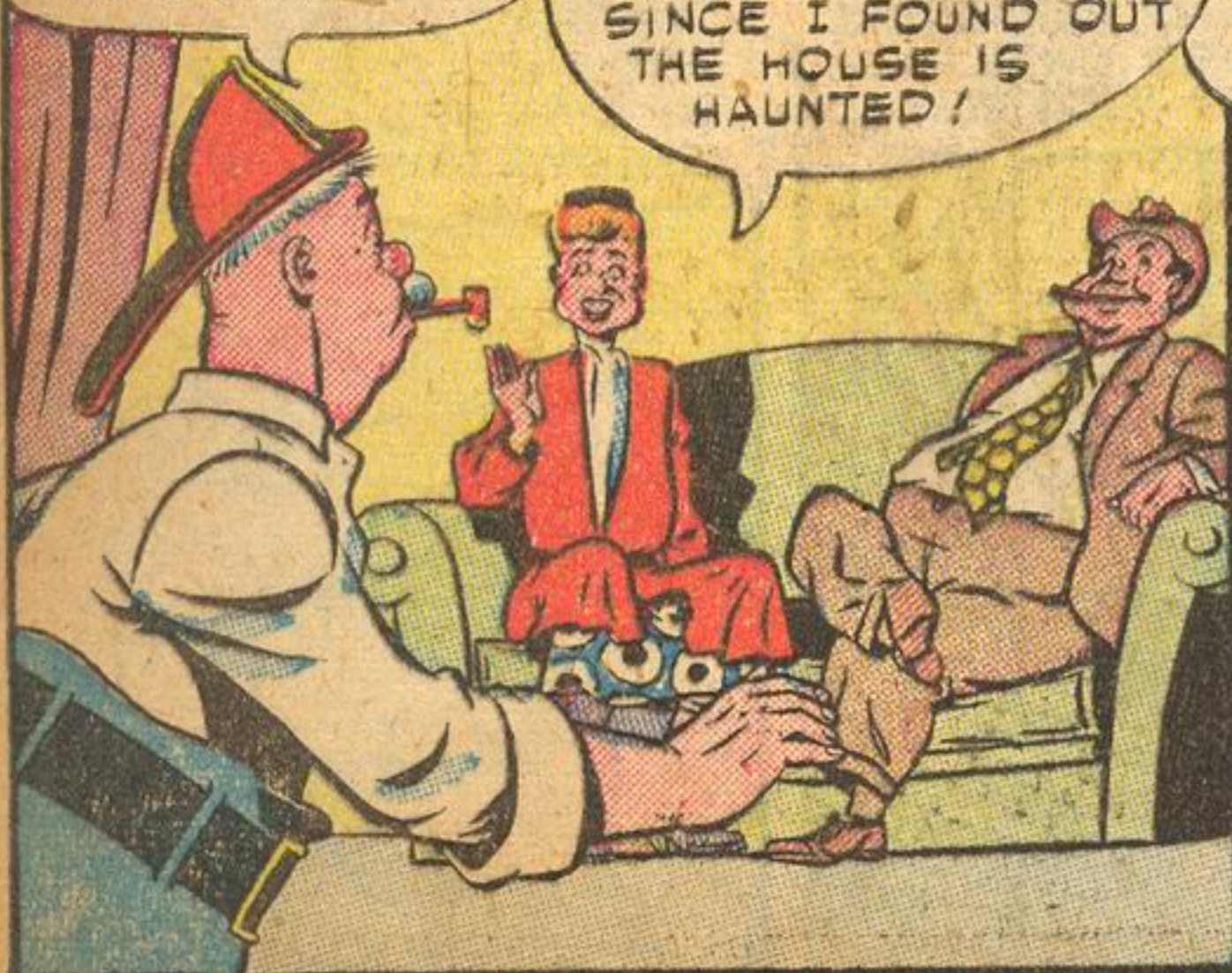


I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN THINKING OF INVESTING IN SOME PROPERTY, EFFY!

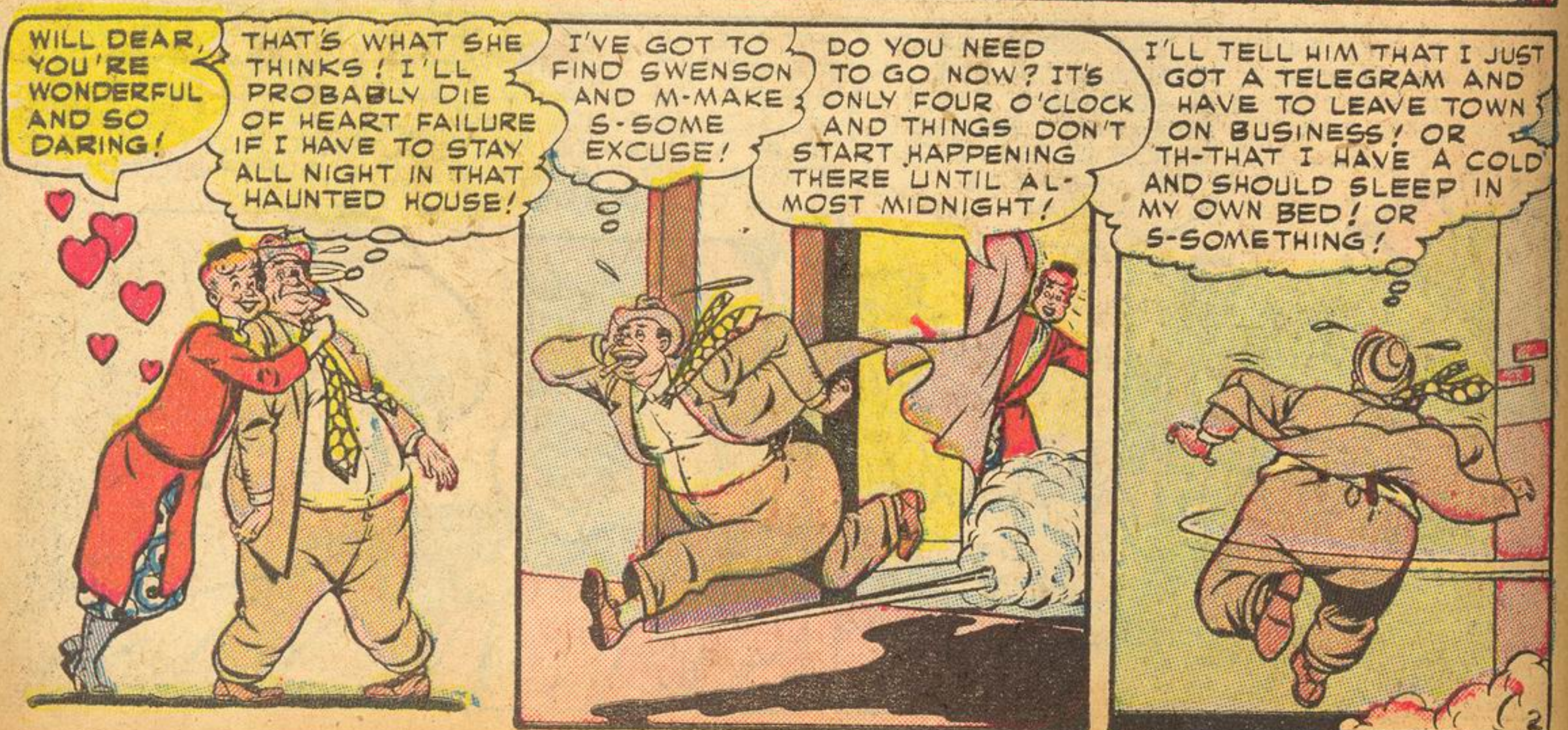
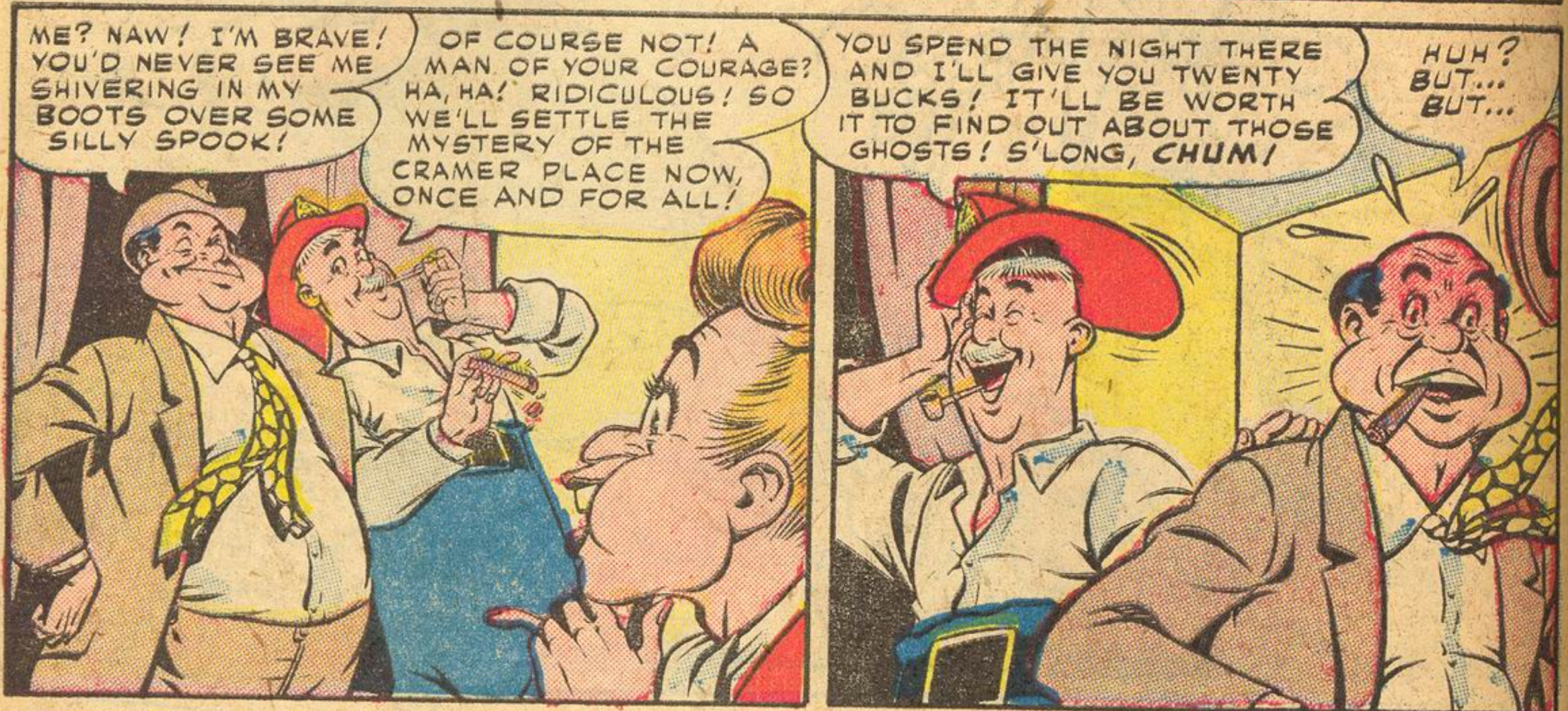
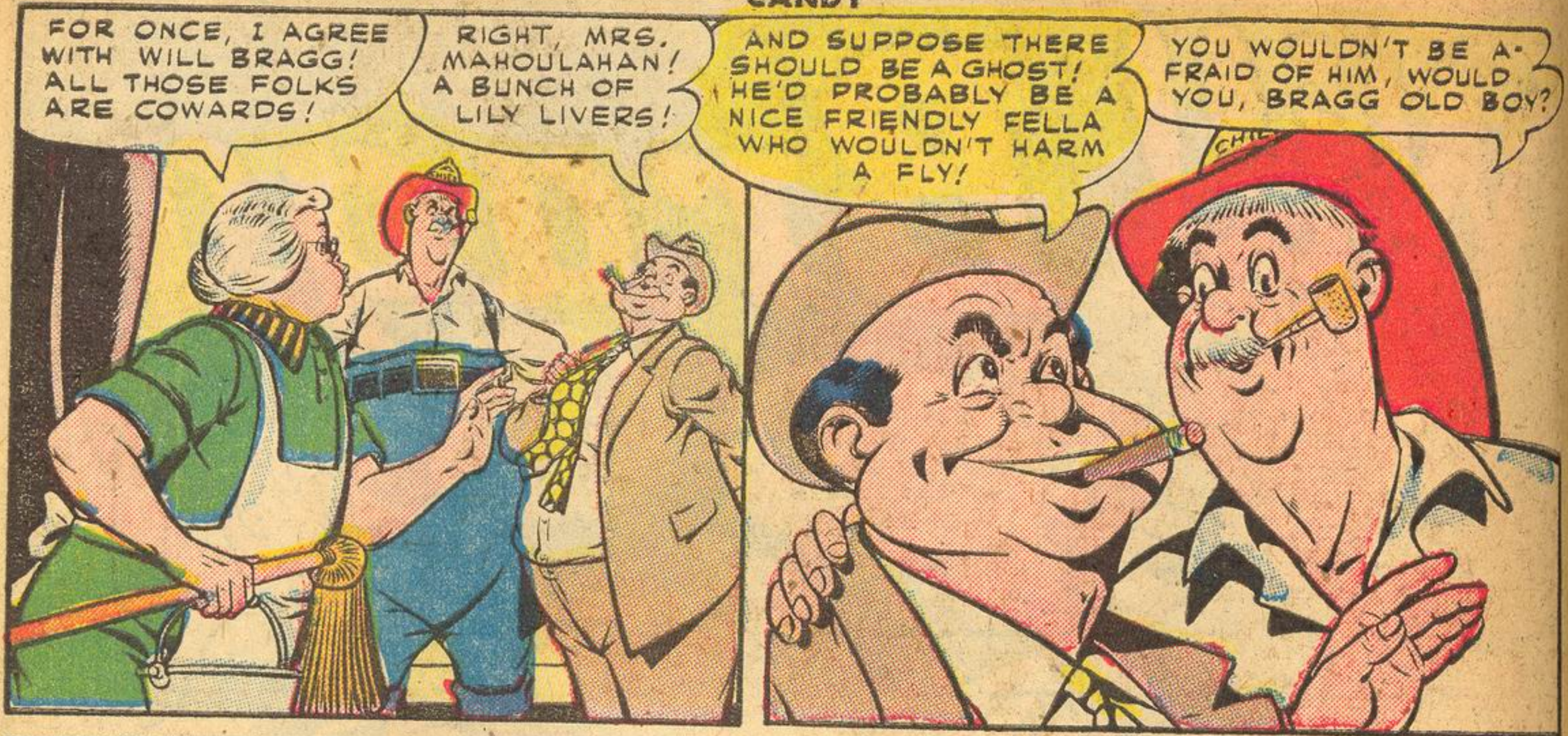
I HAD CONSIDERED THE OLD CRAMER PLACE, FIRE CHIEF SWENSON! BUT NOT SINCE I FOUND OUT THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED!

PEOPLE TELL ABOUT THE STRANGEST THINGS THERE! SOMETIMES A WHITE FIGURE FLOATS AROUND! AND THEY'VE HEARD FOOTSTEPS AND THE CLANKING OF CHAINS!

THAT'S A LOT OF HOOEY IF YOU ASK ME! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! JUST A LOT OF SILLY SUPERSTITION!

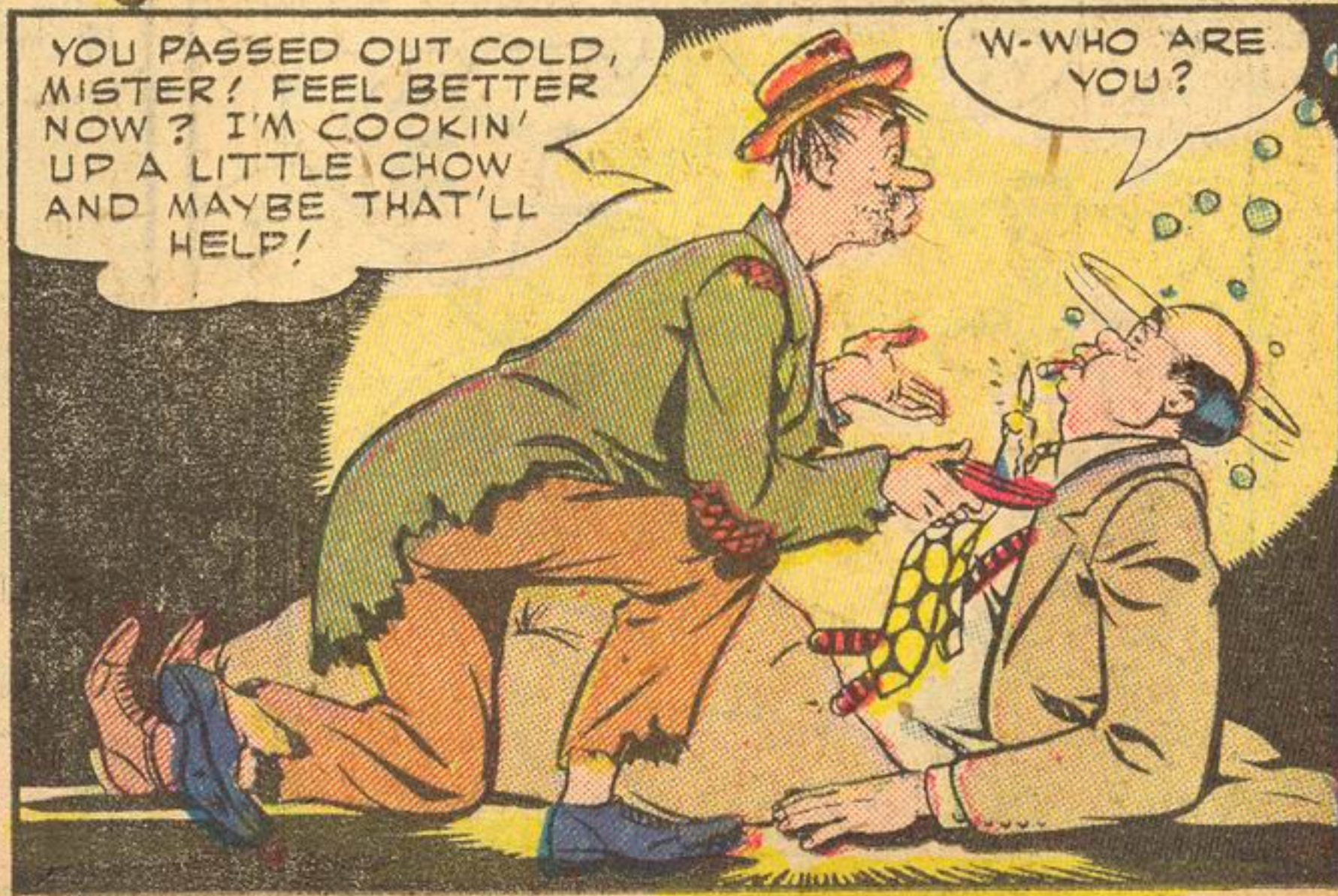
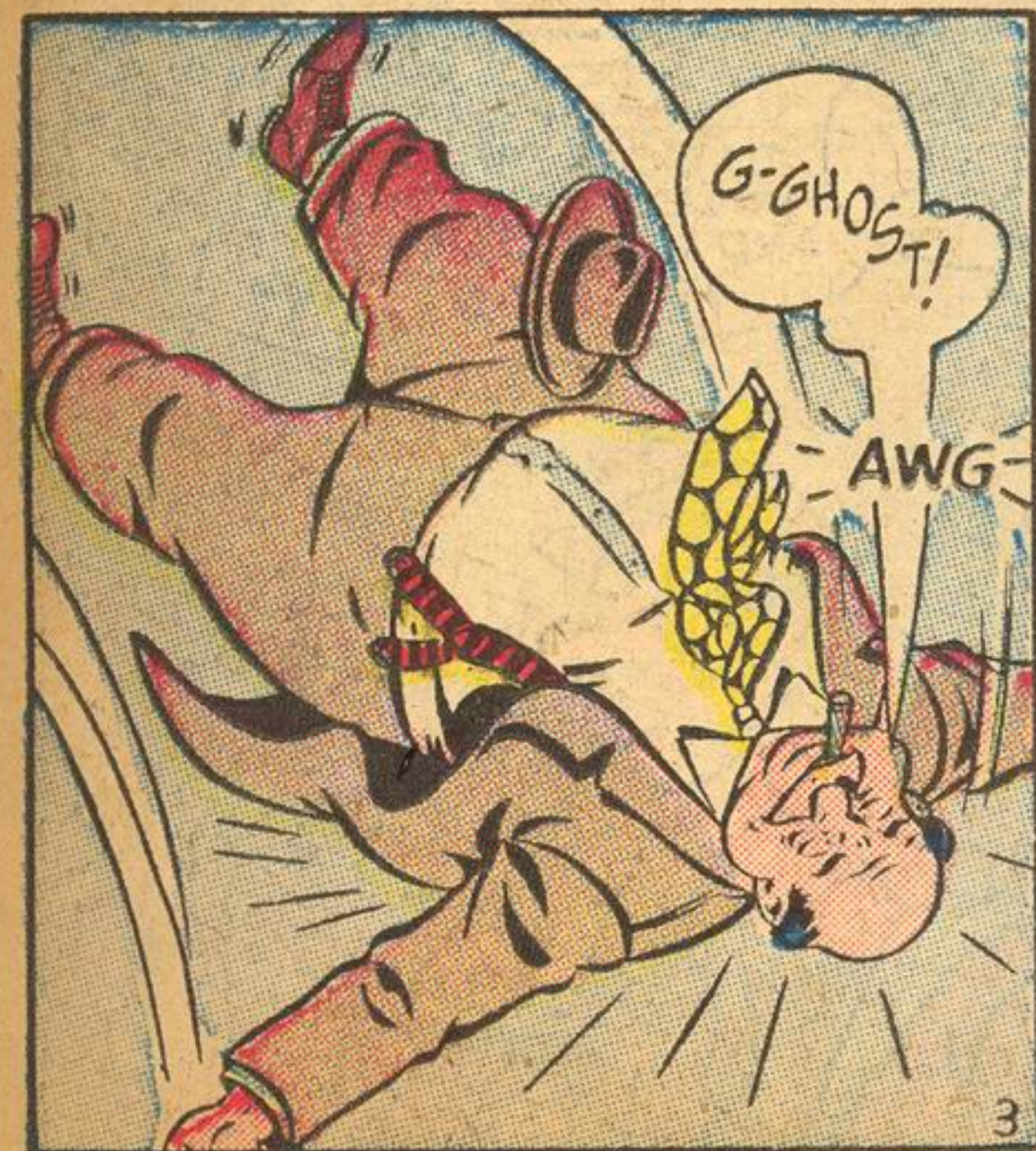


CANDY





Later that night...



CANDY

I'M WHAT PEOPLE TERM A TRAMP! I FOUND THIS VACANT HOUSE, A SOFT SPOT AND OUT OF THE COLD! BUT I SUPPOSE I'M SUNK NOW! YOU'LL TELL!

NOT ME! FACT IS, FOLKS THINK YOU'RE A GHOST! THEY'VE SEEN WHITE THINGS FLOATING AROUND AND HEARD YOU! THAT CLANKING NOISE!

GUESS THE CLANKING WAS FROM MY PANS! THE WHITE MUST HAVE BEEN MY SHIRT WHEN I WASH IT AND HANG IT ON A BUSH!

IF YOU WANT TO STAY ON HERE, DO WHAT I SAY! JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT, TWO MEN WILL COME AROUND! AND WE'LL BE READY!

ALL SET, FLANAGAN? WE'LL PUT ON THESE SHEETS AND...

SHH! BOY, IT'LL BE FUN TO SEE BRAGG'S FACE WHEN HE COMES RACING OUT!

WOOOOOOO OOOOOOOO!
OHHHHHHHHH

WHAT'S THAT?

GH-GHOSTS!

THANKS FOR SAVING MY HAPPY HOME!

HEH, HEH! SAME HERE!

THE NEXT MORNING...

WILL, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED!

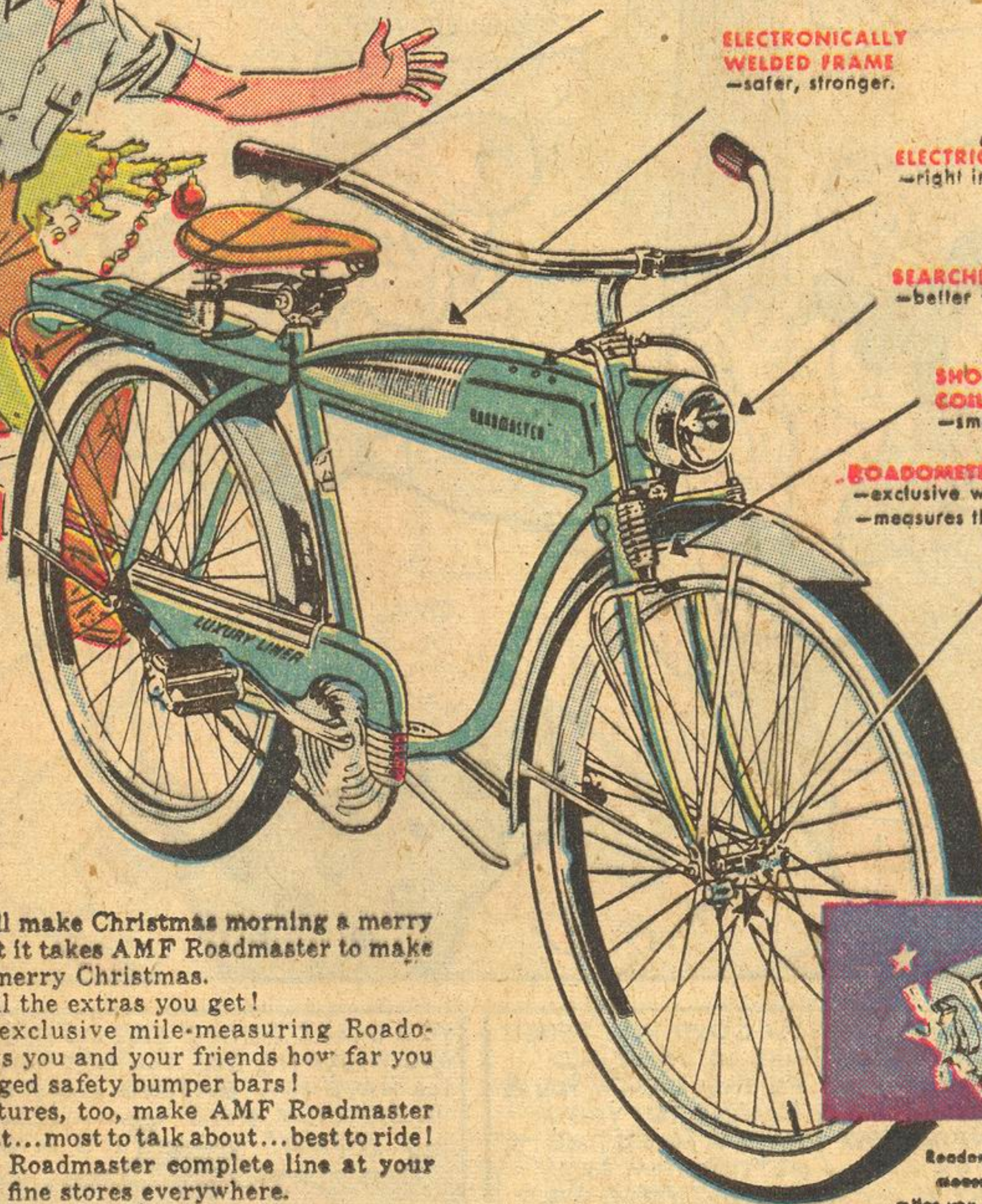
I'M FINE AND SWENSON OWES ME TWENTY BUCKS!

THEN IT'S TRUE THAT THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED?

YEP! DON'T BUY IT, EFFY! WOULDN'T ADVISE ANYONE TO GO NEAR IT AT NIGHT! UNLESS HE'S FEARLESS AND HEROIC LIKE ME! HEH, HEH!

AMF ROADMASTER gives you

extra features...extra fun...extra Merry Christmas!



SAFETY BUMPER BARS
(front and rear)—more protection.

ELECTRONICALLY WELDED FRAME
—safer, stronger.

ELECTRIC HORN
—right in the tank.

SEARCHBEAM HEADLIGHT
—better visibility.

SHOCKMASTER COIL-SPRING FORK
—smoother ride.

ROADOMETER
—exclusive with Roadmaster.
—measures the miles.

Any bike will make Christmas morning a merry morning, but it takes AMF Roadmaster to make it an extra merry Christmas.

Look at all the extras you get!

Like the exclusive mile-measuring Roadometer. Shows you and your friends how far you go. And rugged safety bumper bars!

Other features, too, make AMF Roadmaster best to look at...most to talk about...best to ride!

See AMF Roadmaster complete line at your dealer's and fine stores everywhere.



Roadometer automatically measures and records the miles you ride from 1/10 mile up to 10,000 miles.



products
ARE BETTER...by design

AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY



Send for **FREE** "Bike Hike" booklet!

AMF ROADMASTER
Dept. QC-541 W. 117th Street and Berea Road, Cleveland 7, Ohio

Please send free bike hike booklet with helpful hints on map-reading, bike hike ideas and games, things to take along.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NAME OF BICYCLE DEALER _____

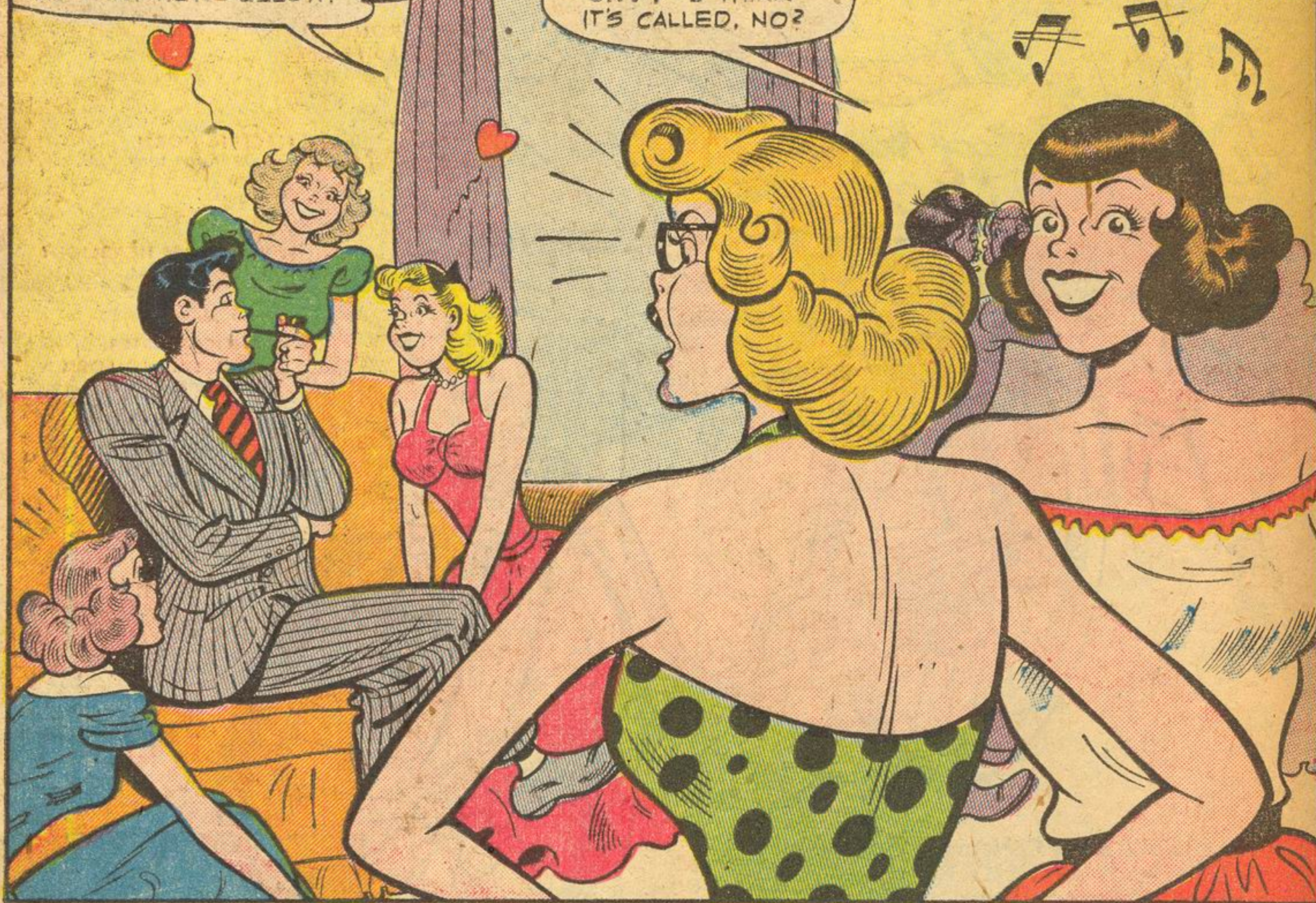
HIS ADDRESS _____

CANDY'S

FRIEND
TRISH
in
"MANHUNT"

I THINK IT'S POSITIVELY **DISGUSTING** THE WAY ALL THE GIRLS ARE **THROWING THEMSELVES** AT THAT NEW FELLOW!

THAT'S A LOVELY SHADE OF **GREEN** YOU'RE WEARING, TRISH! "**ENVY**" I THINK IT'S CALLED, NO?



WHO ME?? -- JEALOUS OF A BUNCH OF TWITTERING TWERPS? -- **HAH!!** IT'S A GOOD THING FOR THEM I'M A **CONFIRMED MAN-HATER**, OR I'D STEAL HIM AWAY IN A SECOND!

OH, COME NOW, TRISH! THIS IS YOUR OLD FRIEND, CANDY, YOU'RE TALKING TO! YOU'D HAVE A HARD TIME GETTING HIM AWAY FROM **THOSE** GIRLS!

YOU DON'T THINK I CAN DO IT, EH? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL BET YOU **25 CENTS** I'LL HAVE HIM **EATING OUT OF MY HAND** IN EXACTLY **ONE HOUR!**

IT'S A BET!





GOOD LUCK, TRISH!

LUCK HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! YOU JUST HAVE TO KNOW WHAT **TYPE** OF A GIRL A MAN GOES FOR!



GOLLY, I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T LIKE TO LOSE 25 CENTS, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT IF IT GETS TRISH FINALLY INTERESTED IN MEN!



HMM! - HE LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT GO FOR THE "LIFE OF THE PARTY" TYPE! THE **PERSONALITY KID!** HERE GOES!



COME ON, HANDSOME! LET'S LAUGH IT UP A LITTLE!

HERE! TRY ONE OF THESE ON FOR SIZE!

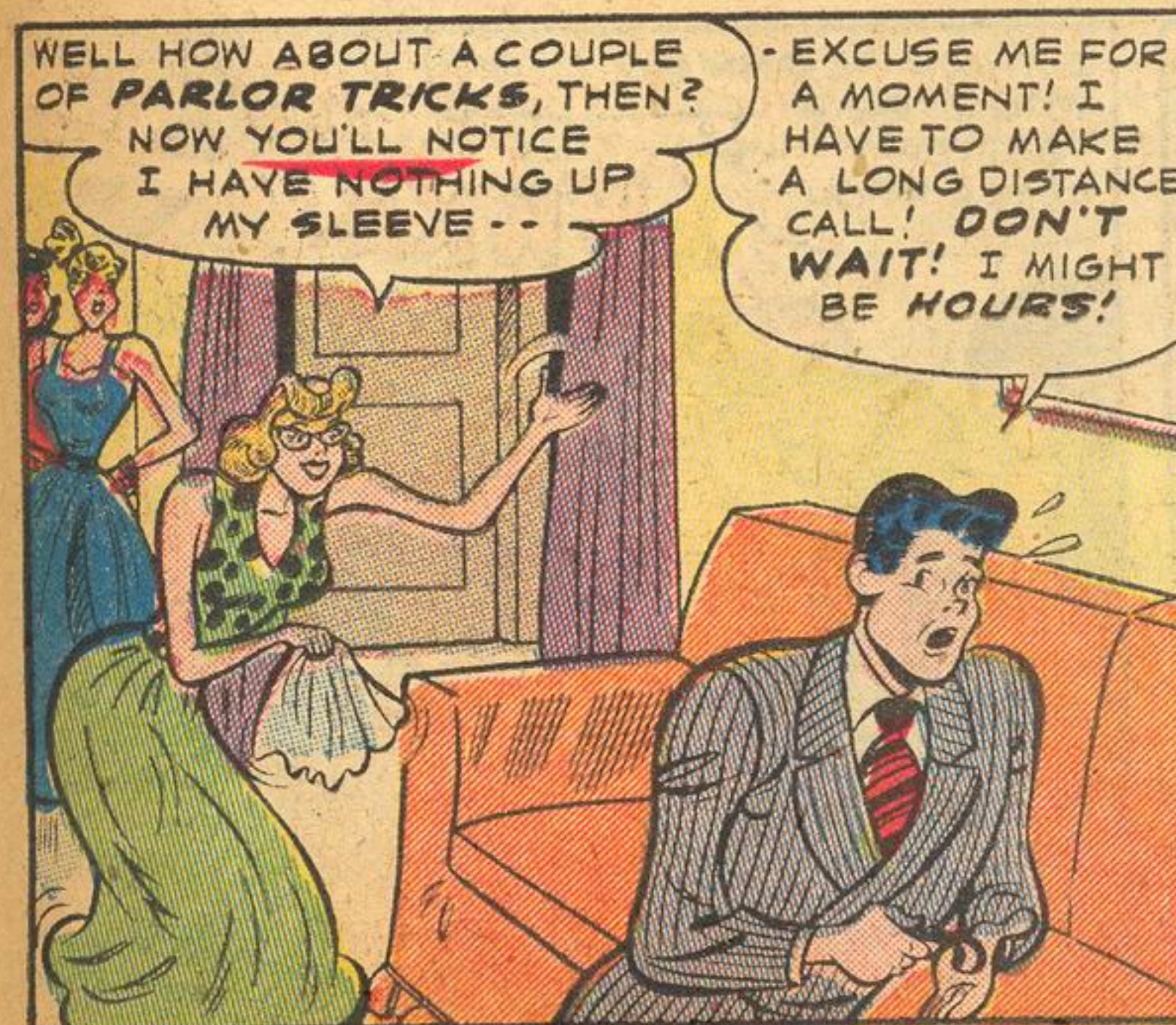
NO, THANKS! I DON'T LOOK GOOD IN PINK!



LISTEN, THIS'LL **PANIC** YOU! - HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE WOMAN WHO ASKED HER HUSBAND TO CLOSE THE WINDOW BECAUSE IT WAS COLD OUTSIDE, AND HE SAID...

-- "IF I CLOSE IT, WILL IT MAKE IT ANY **WARMER** OUTSIDE?" YES I HAVE!

YAWN!



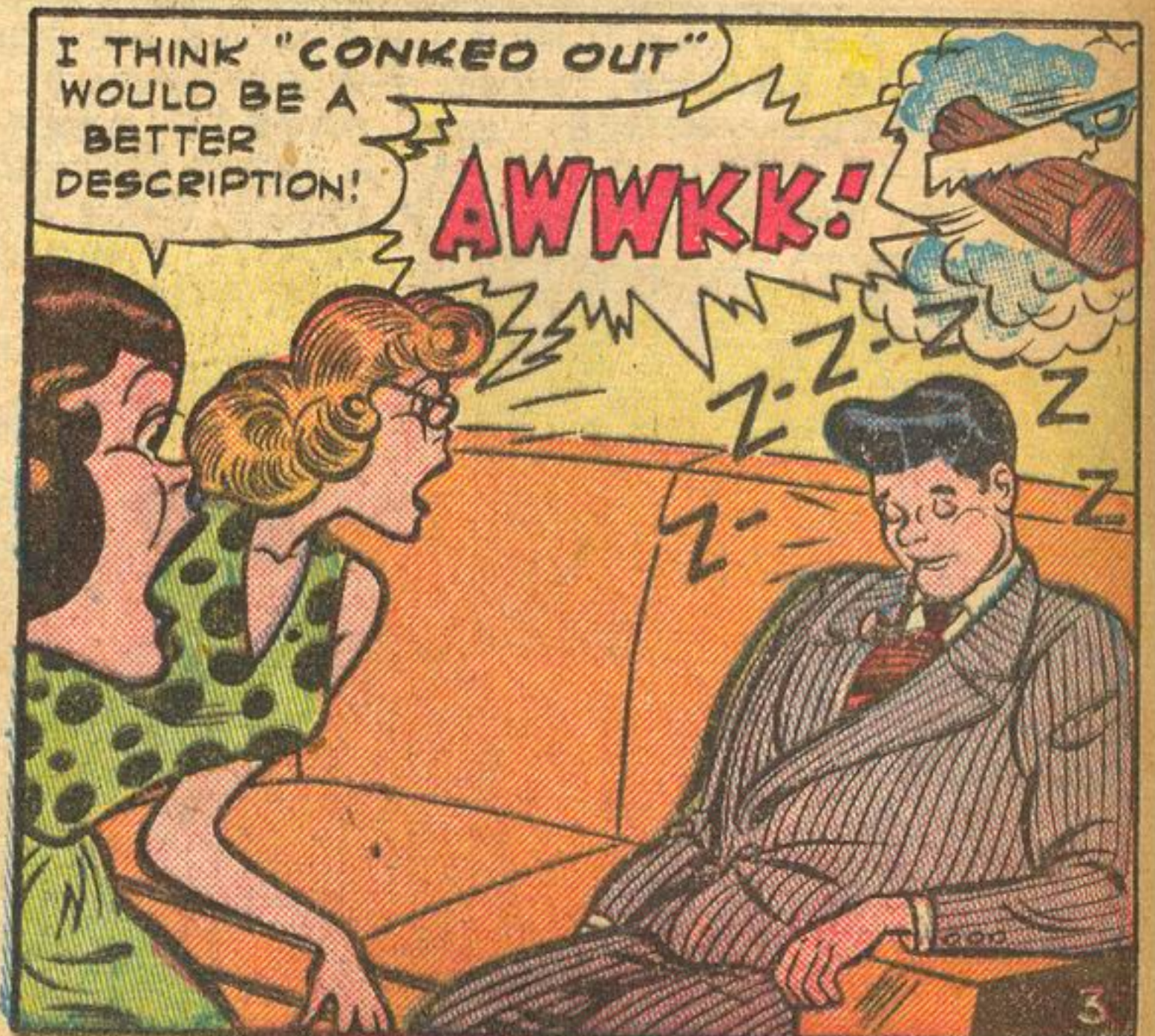
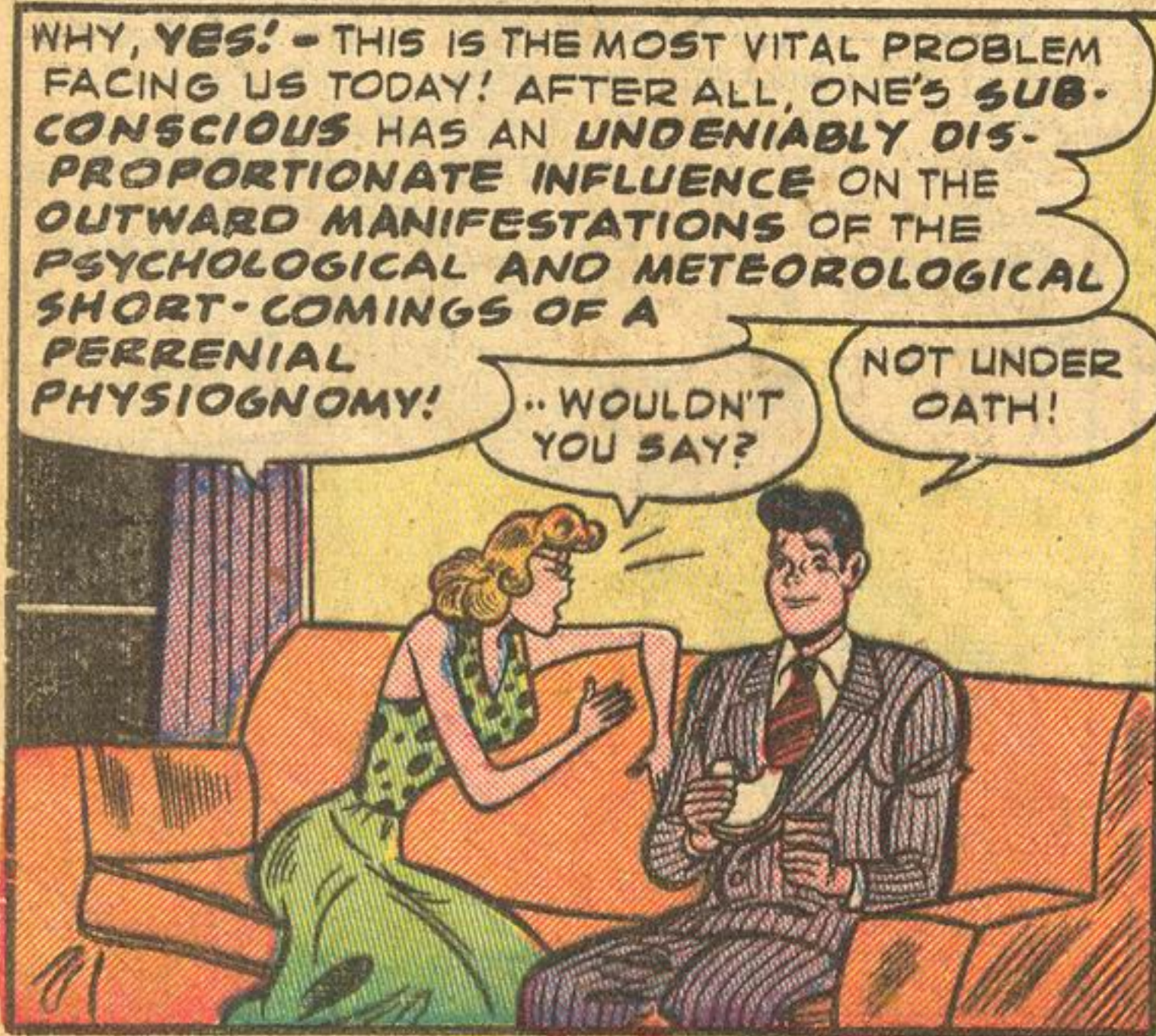
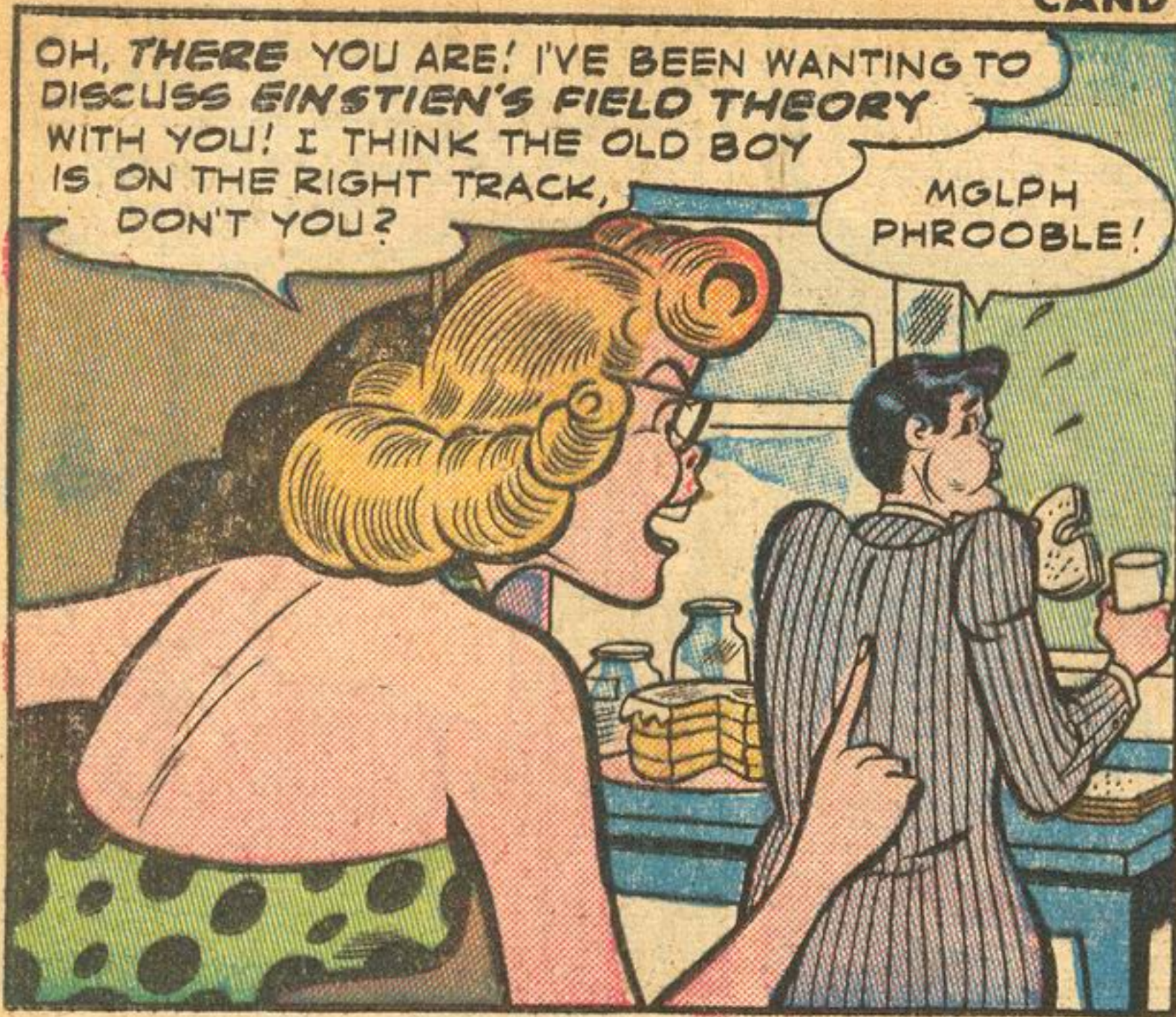
WELL HOW ABOUT A COUPLE OF **PARLOR TRICKS**, THEN? NOW YOU'LL NOTICE I HAVE NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE --

- EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT! I HAVE TO MAKE A LONG DISTANCE CALL! **DON'T WAIT!** I MIGHT BE **HOURS!**



FIFTEEN MINUTES ARE UP, TRISH! YOU MADE ABOUT AS MUCH OF AN IMPRESSION ON HIM AS A SPIT-BALL ON A TANK!

THAT'S BECAUSE I USED THE **WRONG APPROACH!** I WON'T MISS **THIS TIME**, THOUGH! I'LL APPEAL TO HIS **INTELLECT!**



CANDY

THAT SETTLES IT!!
I'M GOING TO PLAY
MY **TRUMP CARD!**
GLAMOUR!
I SAID I'D HAVE
THAT ALOOF GOOF
EATING OUT OF MY
HAND AND BY
GADFREY I WILL!!

**YOU'D
BETTER
HURRY!
YOU'VE
ONLY
GOT 10
MINUTES
LEFT!**

**DON'T MOVE!! I WANT
TO REMEMBER YOU THIS
WAY! -- ALWAYS!!**

**WHAT
WAY?**

**WHY FIGHT THIS
THING ANY
LONGER? IT'S
BIGGER THAN
BOTH OF US!**

**PLEASE,
MISS! YOU'RE
STRETCHING
MY LAPELS!**

**LET ME TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ALL
THIS!! AH! SWEET MYSTERY
OF LIFE! YOU AND I WERE
BROUGHT HERE TOGETHER
BY FATE!**

**I CAME
IN A
TAXI,
MYSELF!**

**AWGLLP
??!**

**AH, WHAT A MAGIC MOON TONIGHT!
COME! - LET'S STEP OUT ON THE
TERRACE TOGETHER!**

**WHAT
TERRACE
?**

**SPEAK TO ME MISS!
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT??**

**I THINK SO!
WAIT TILL I
COUNT THE
PIECES AND
SEE IF THEY'RE
ALL THERE!**

**WOULD YOU
LIKE SOME
MORE ICE
CREAM
DEAR? A
LITTLE
MORE
CAKE,
MAYBE?**

**THE BET WAS THAT HE'D
BE EATING OUT OF YOUR
HAND! BUT YOU
CAME CLOSE
ENOUGH, TRISH!
HERE'S YOUR
QUARTER!**

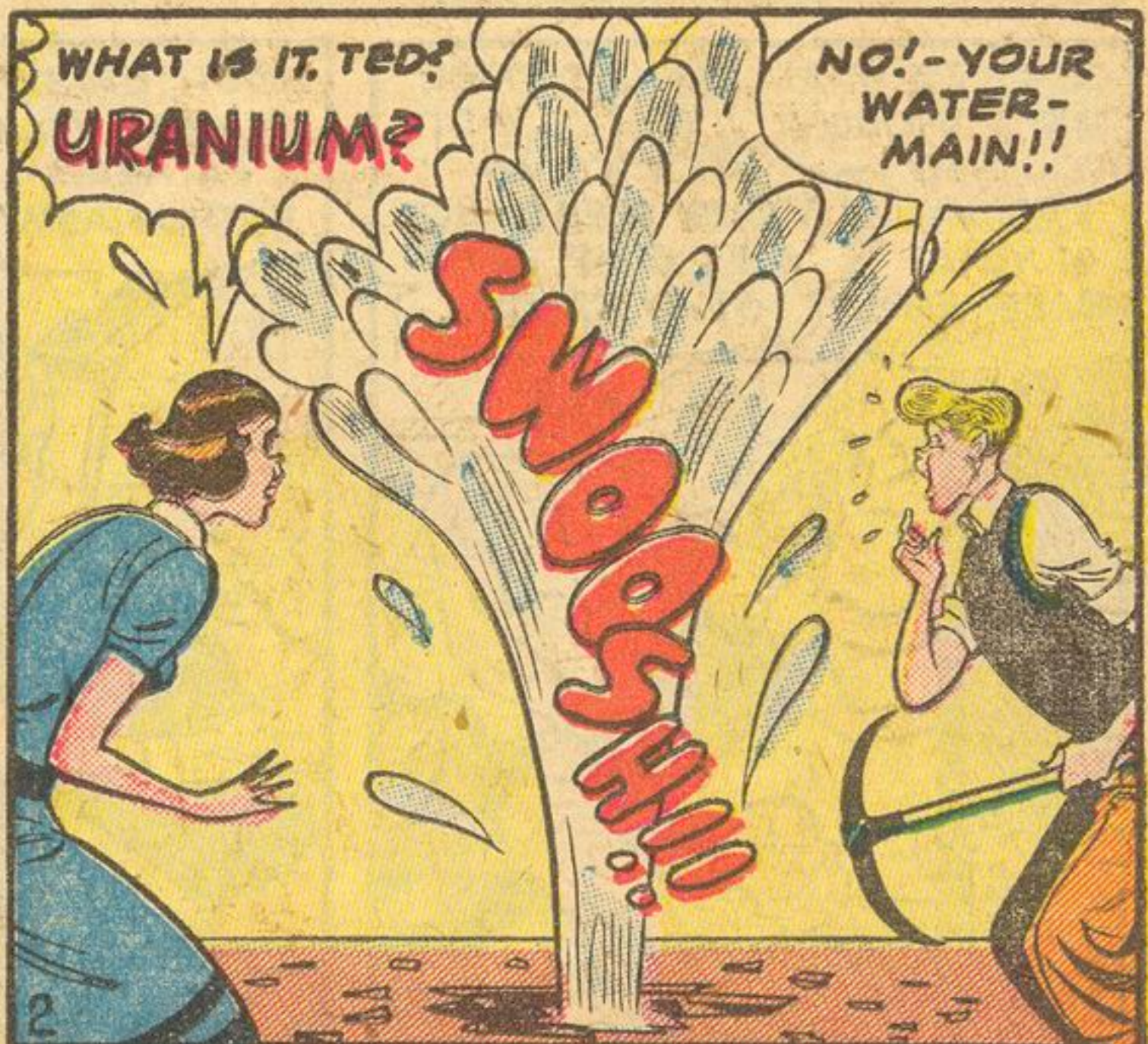
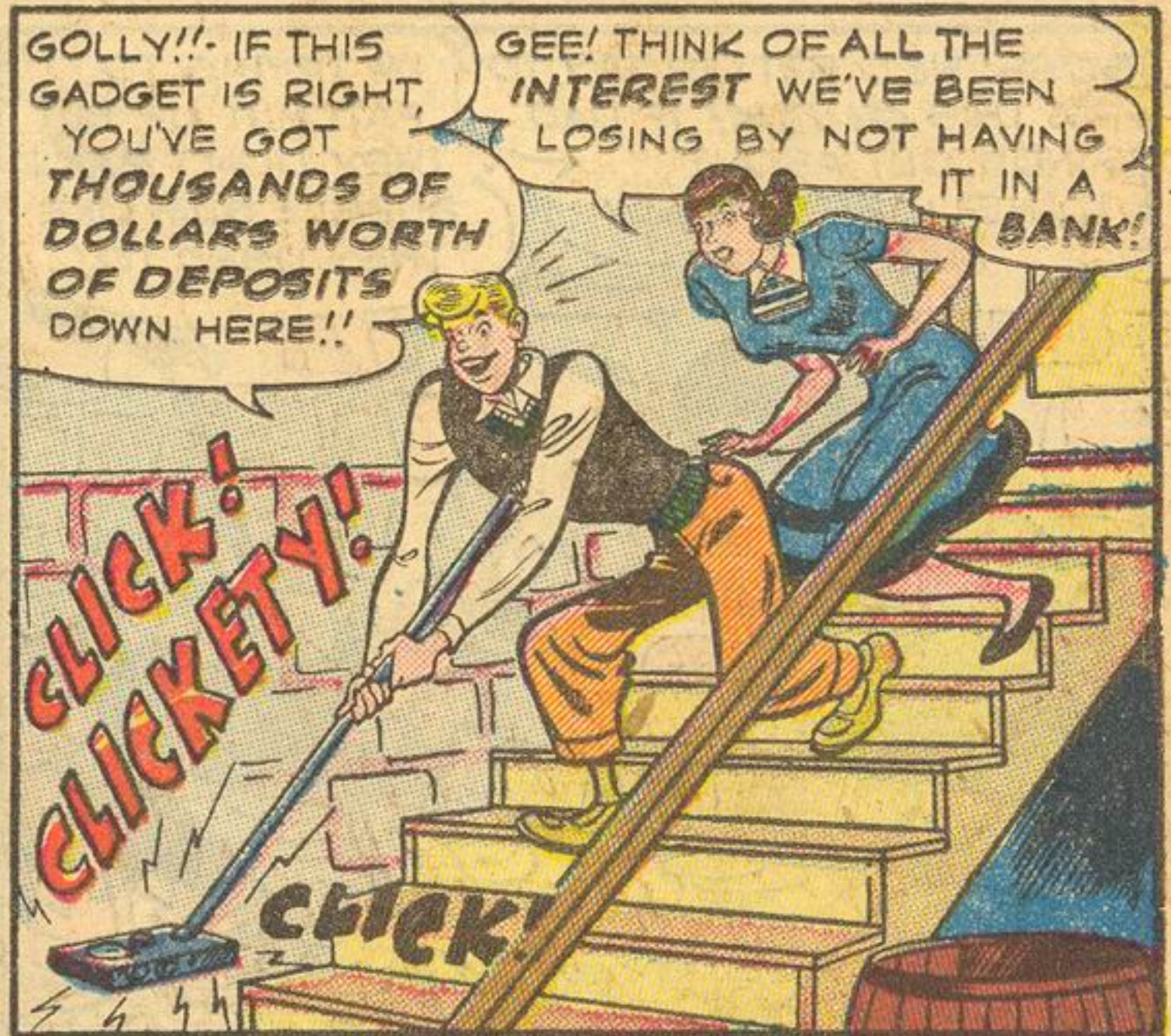
**RUN OUT
AND BUY
ME SOME
ASPIRIN WITH
IT, WILL YOU,
CANDY?**

**SO THAT'S
THE WAY TO
TRAP THAT
GUY! ACT
HELPLESS!
NOW WHY
DIDN'T I
THINK OF
THAT!?**

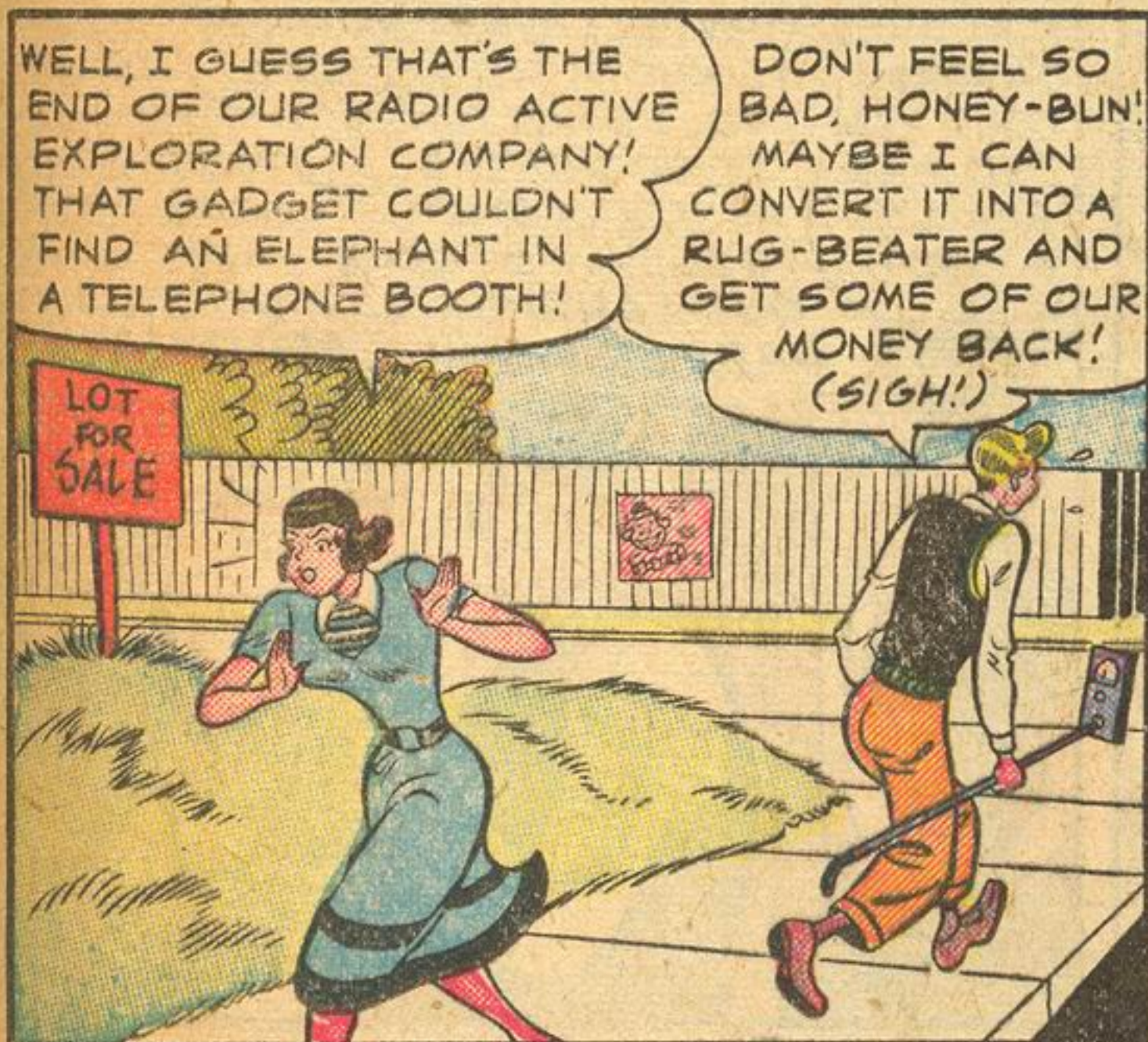
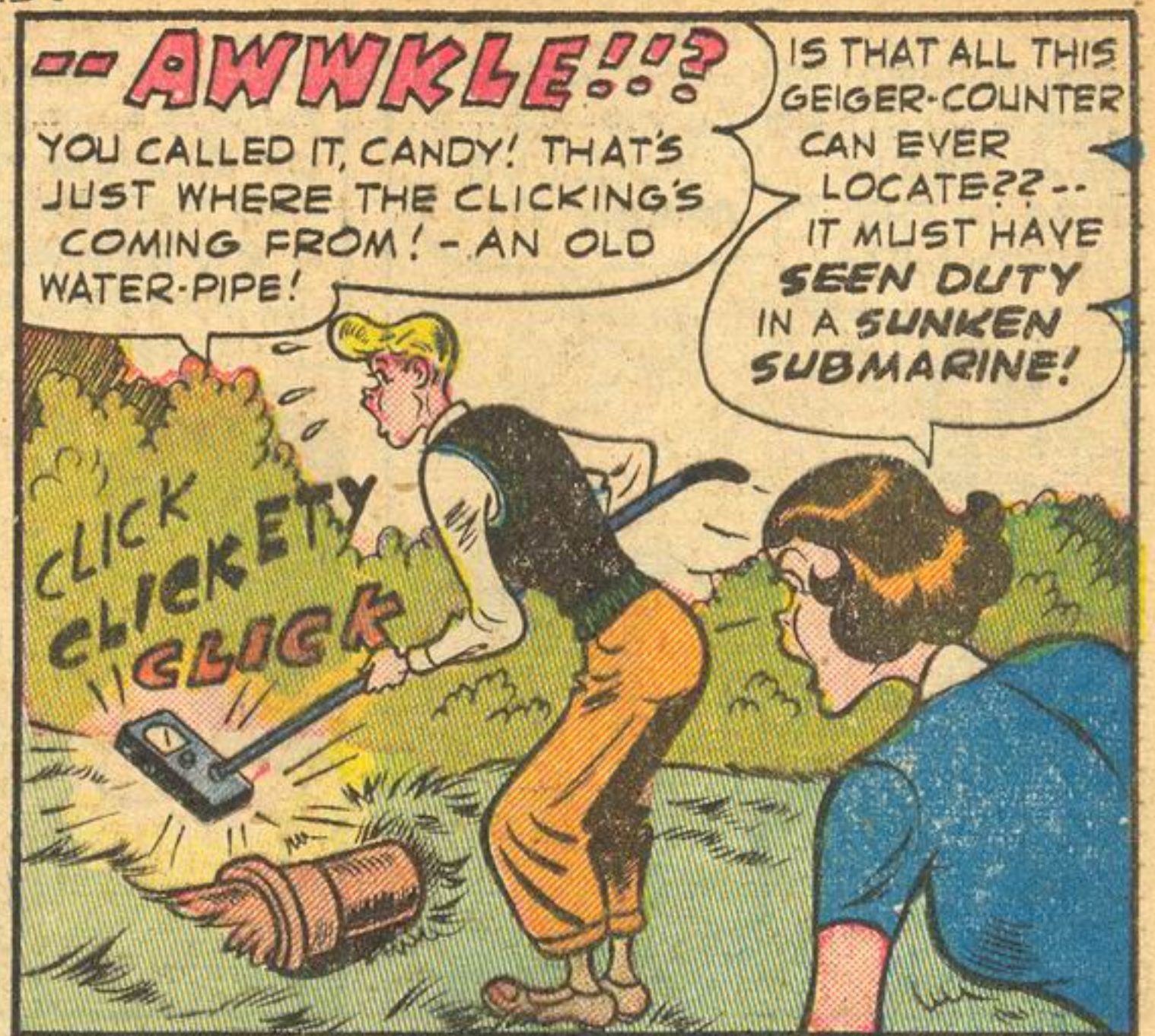
CANDY in "RADIUM ACTIVITY"

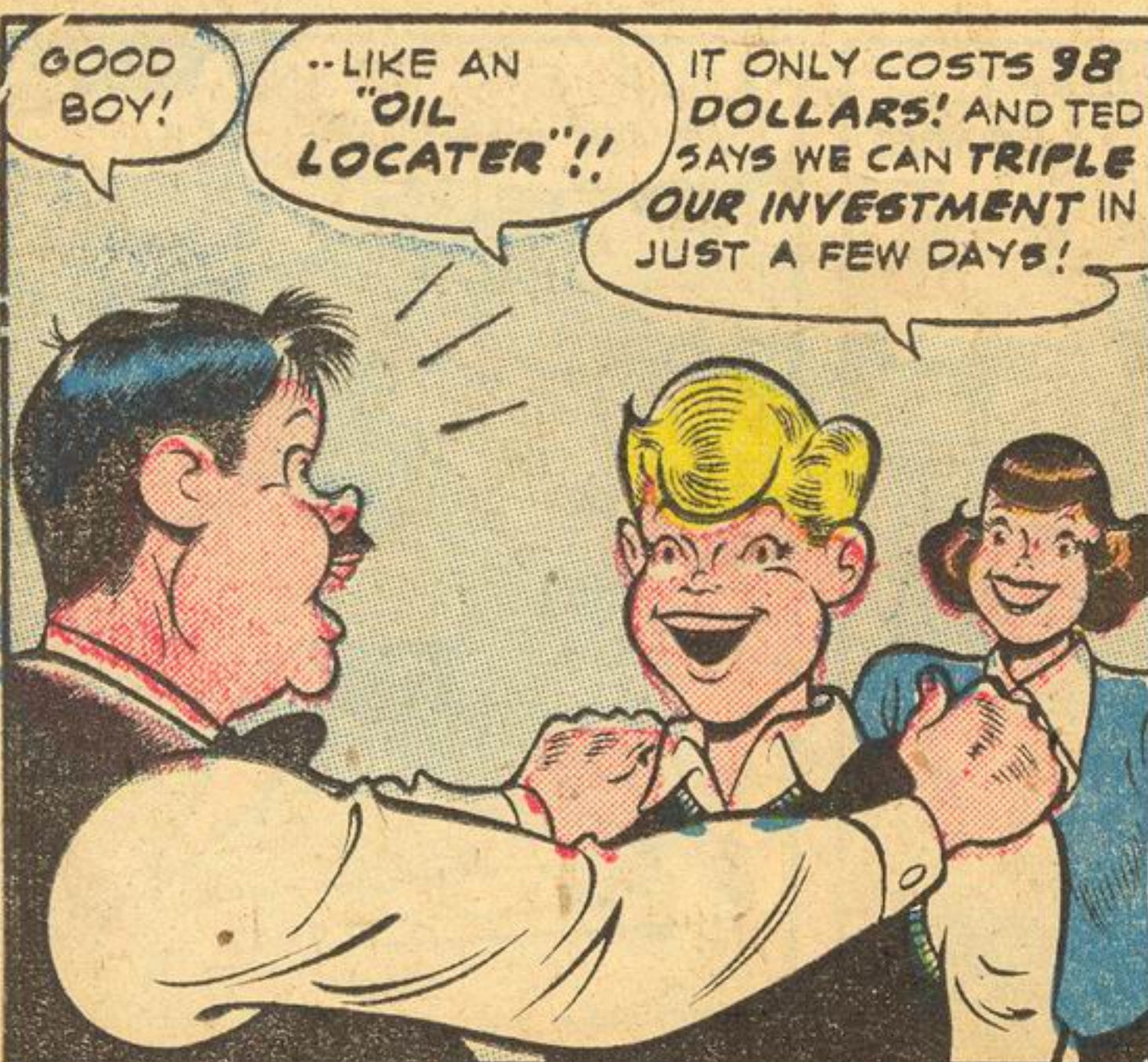
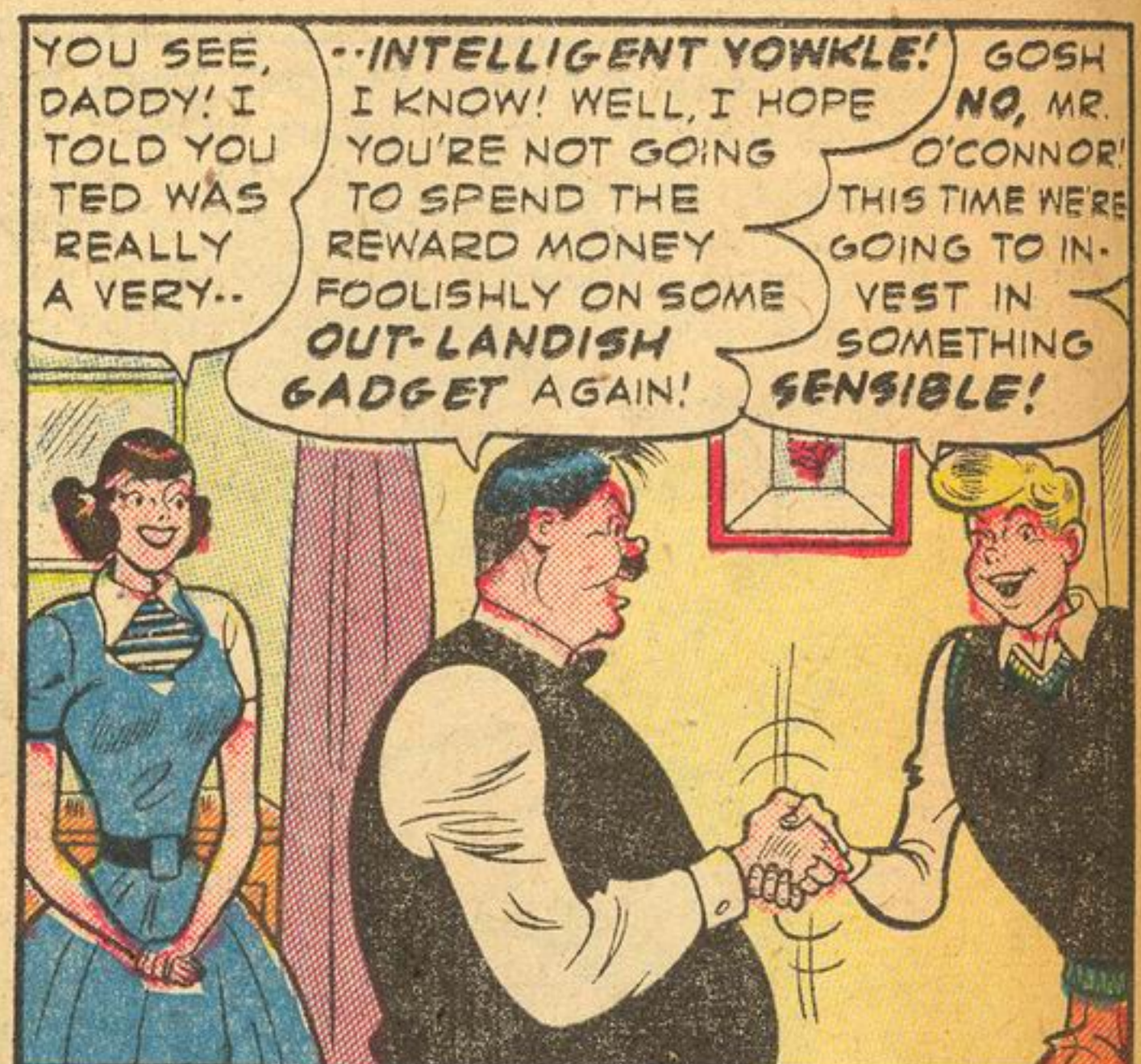


CANDY





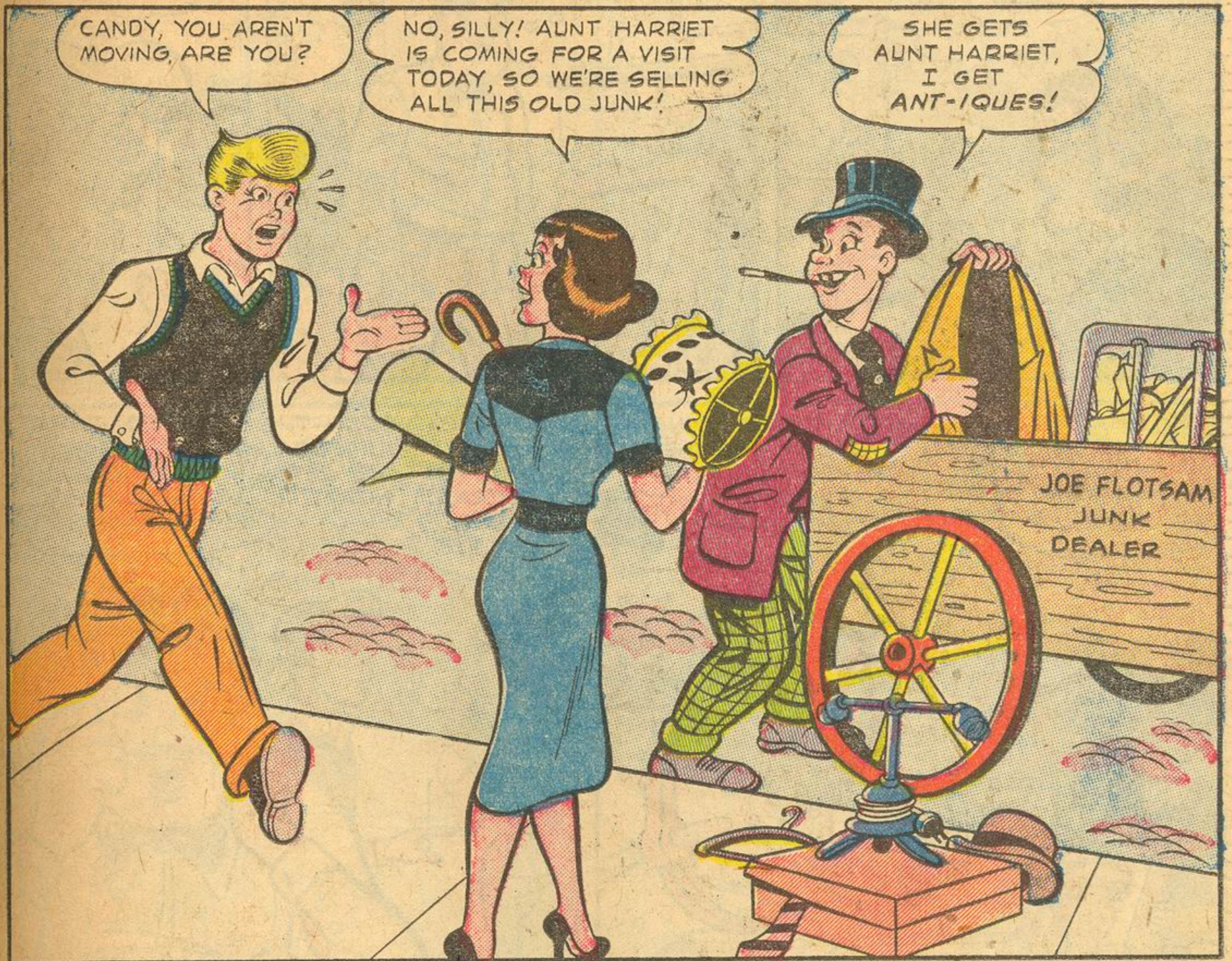




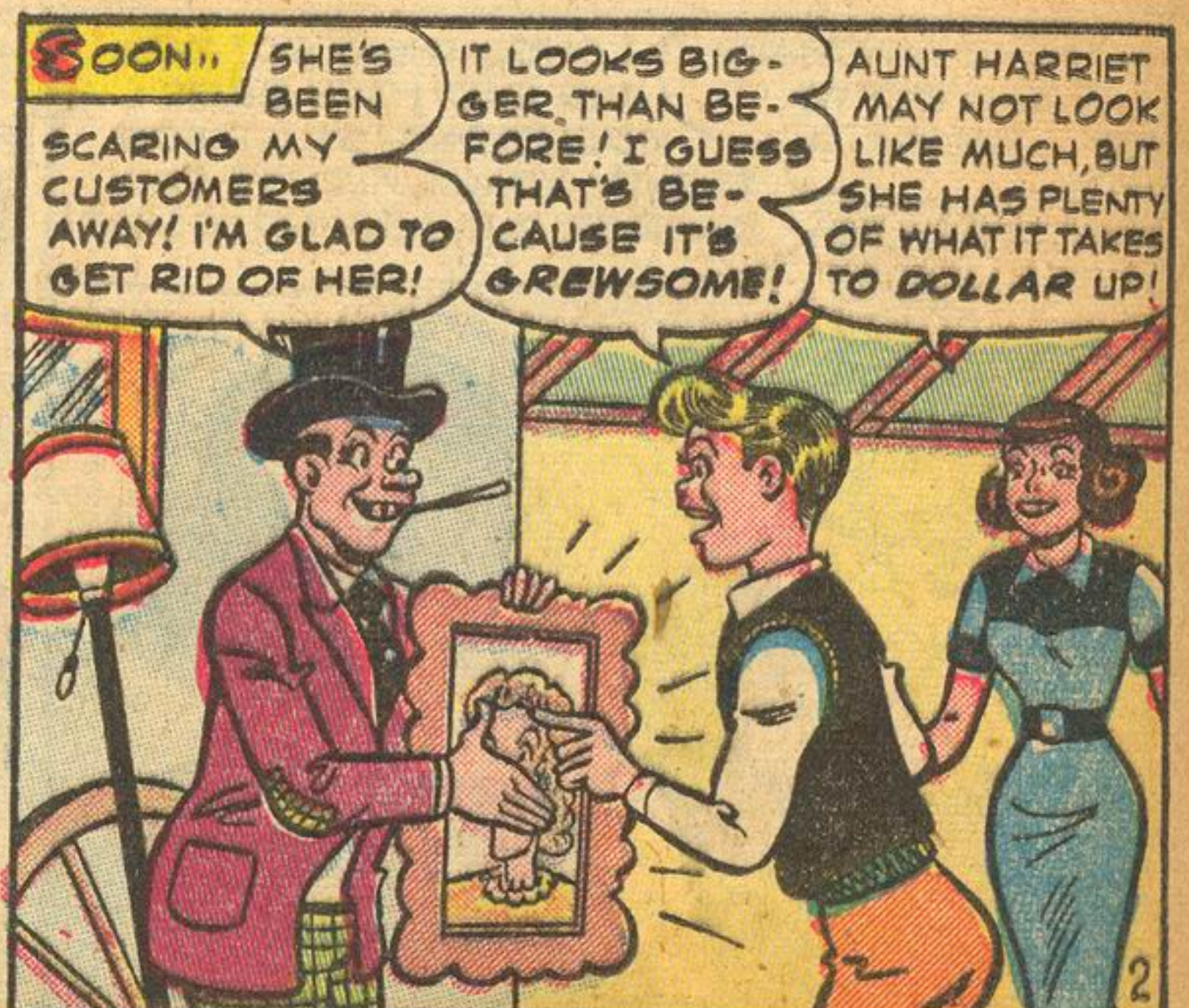
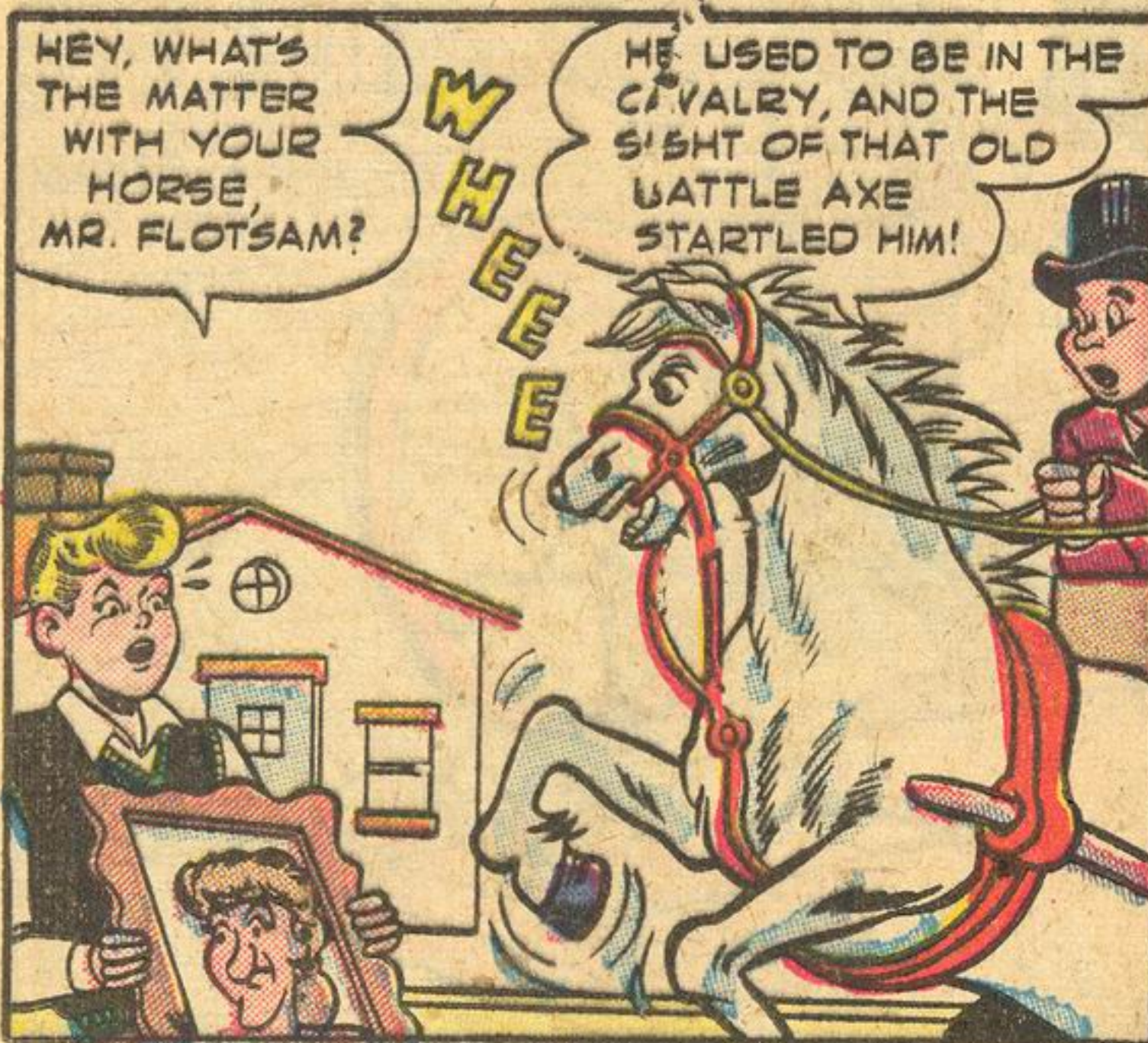
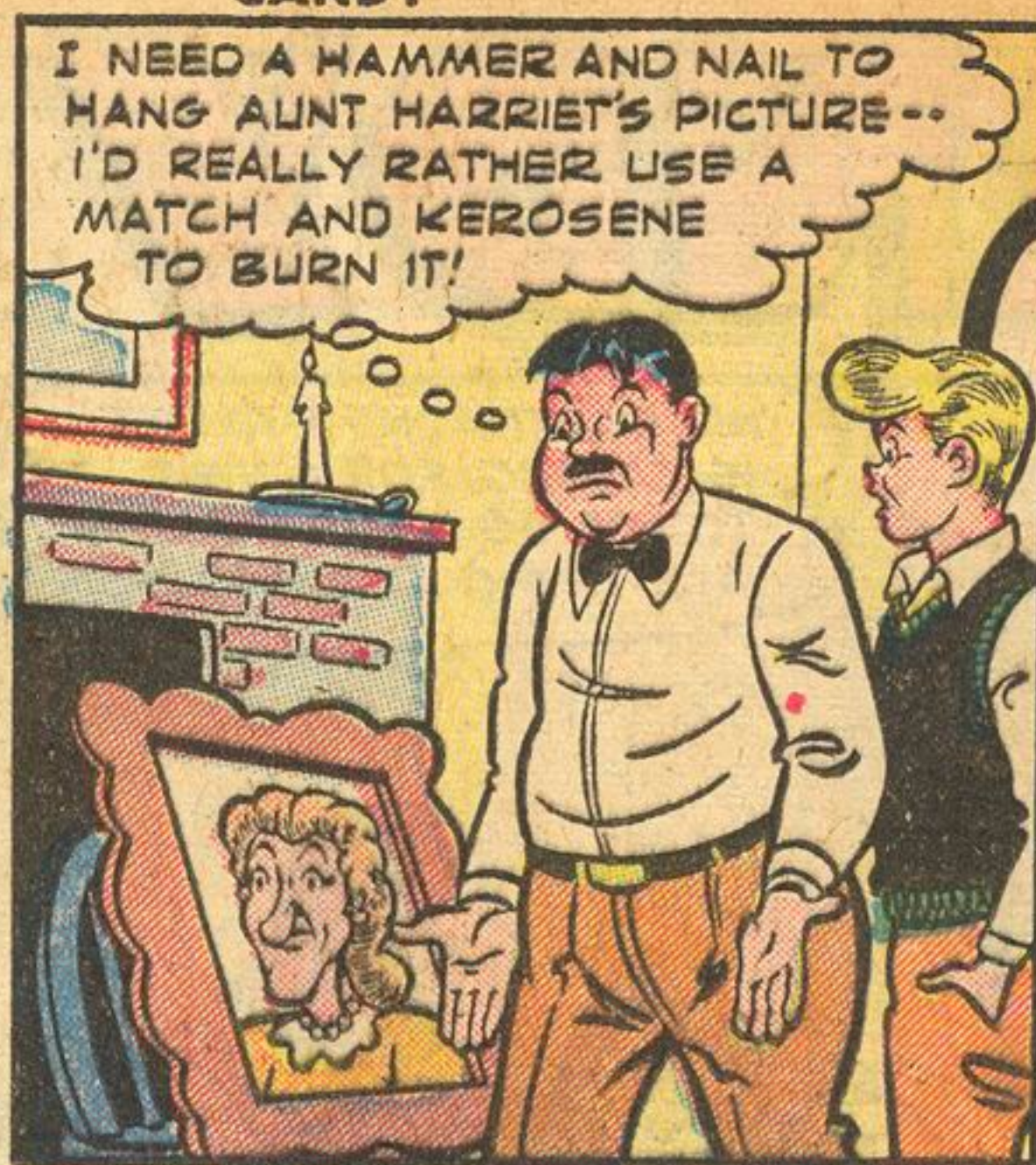
CANDY

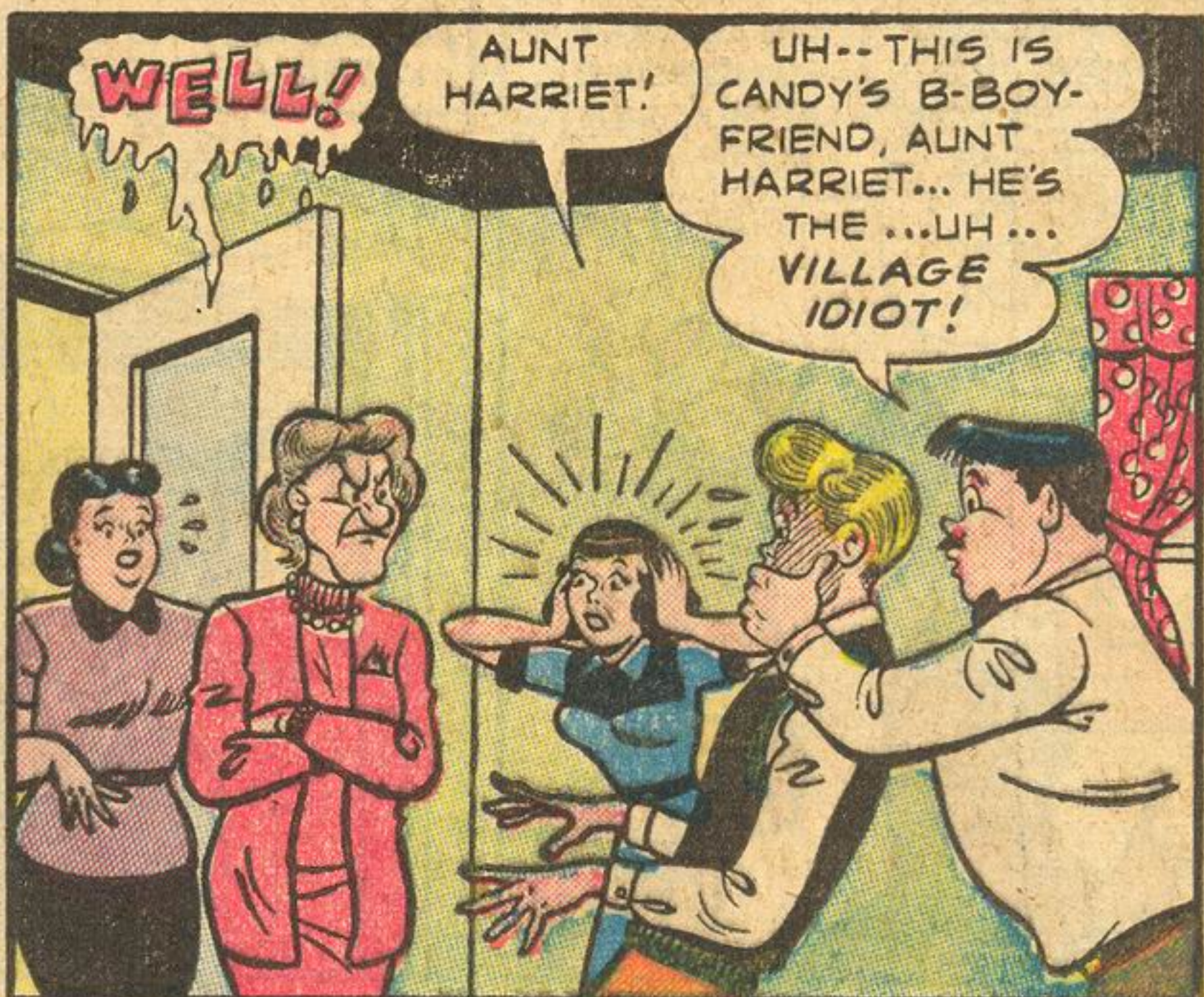
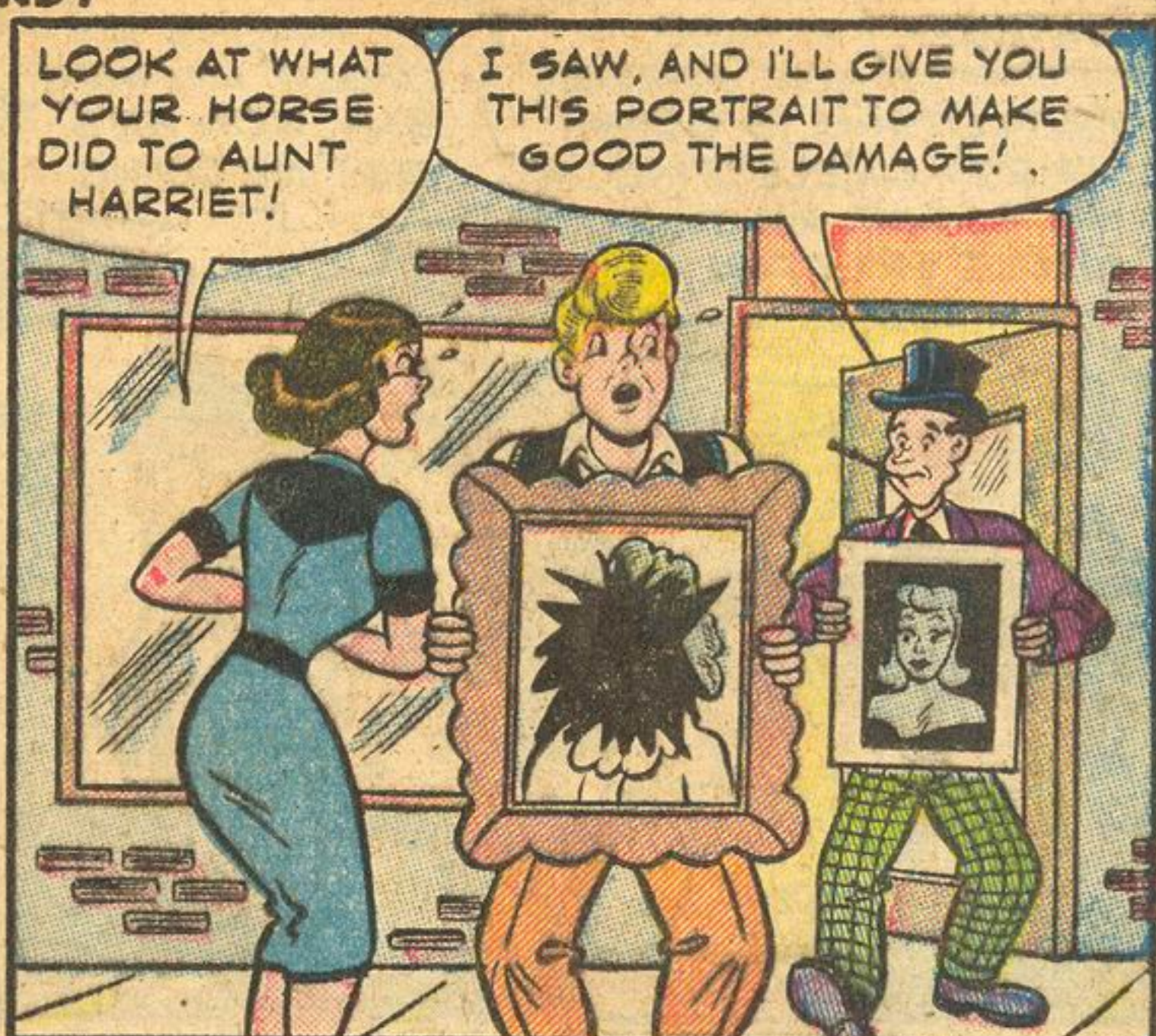
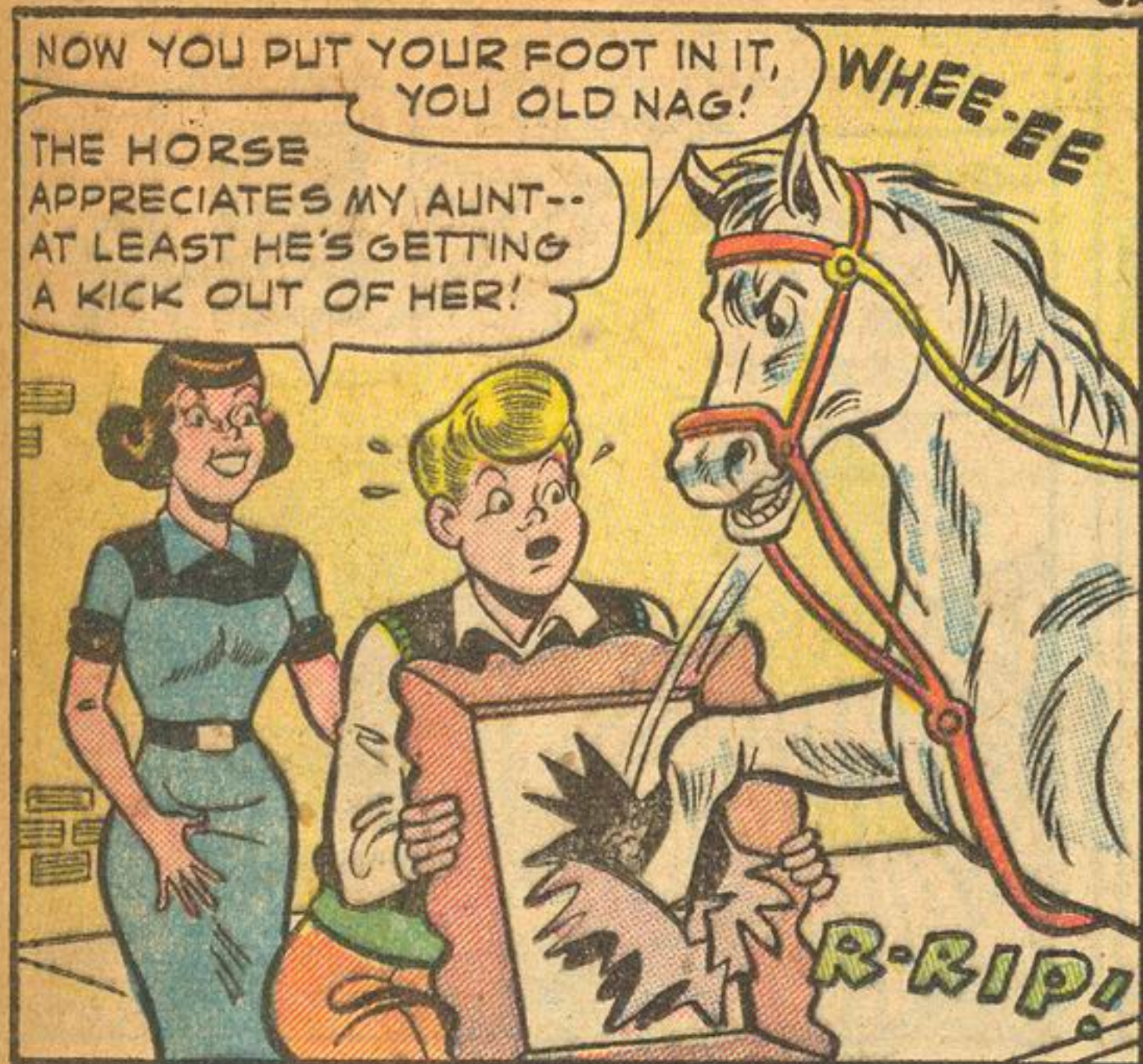
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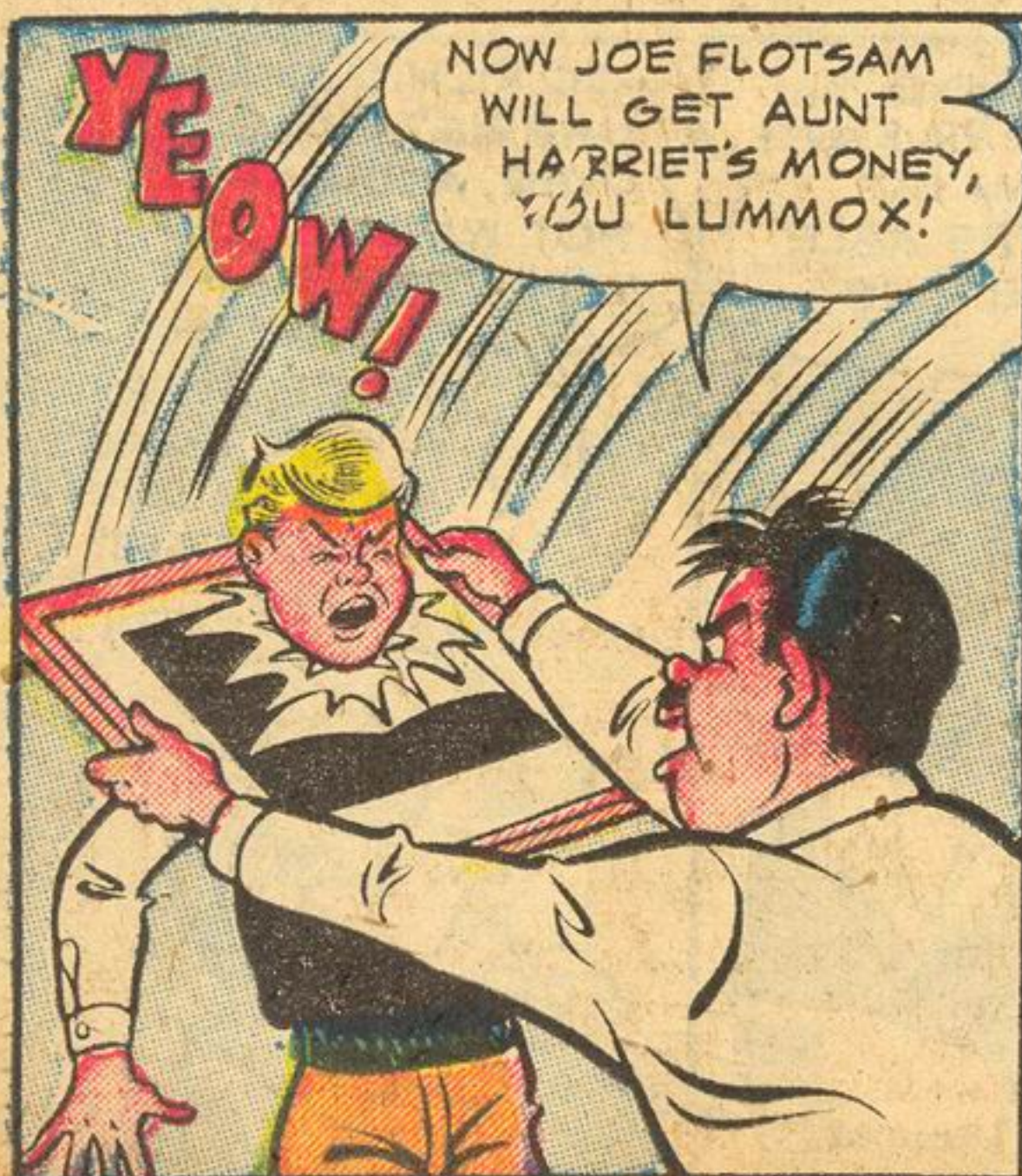
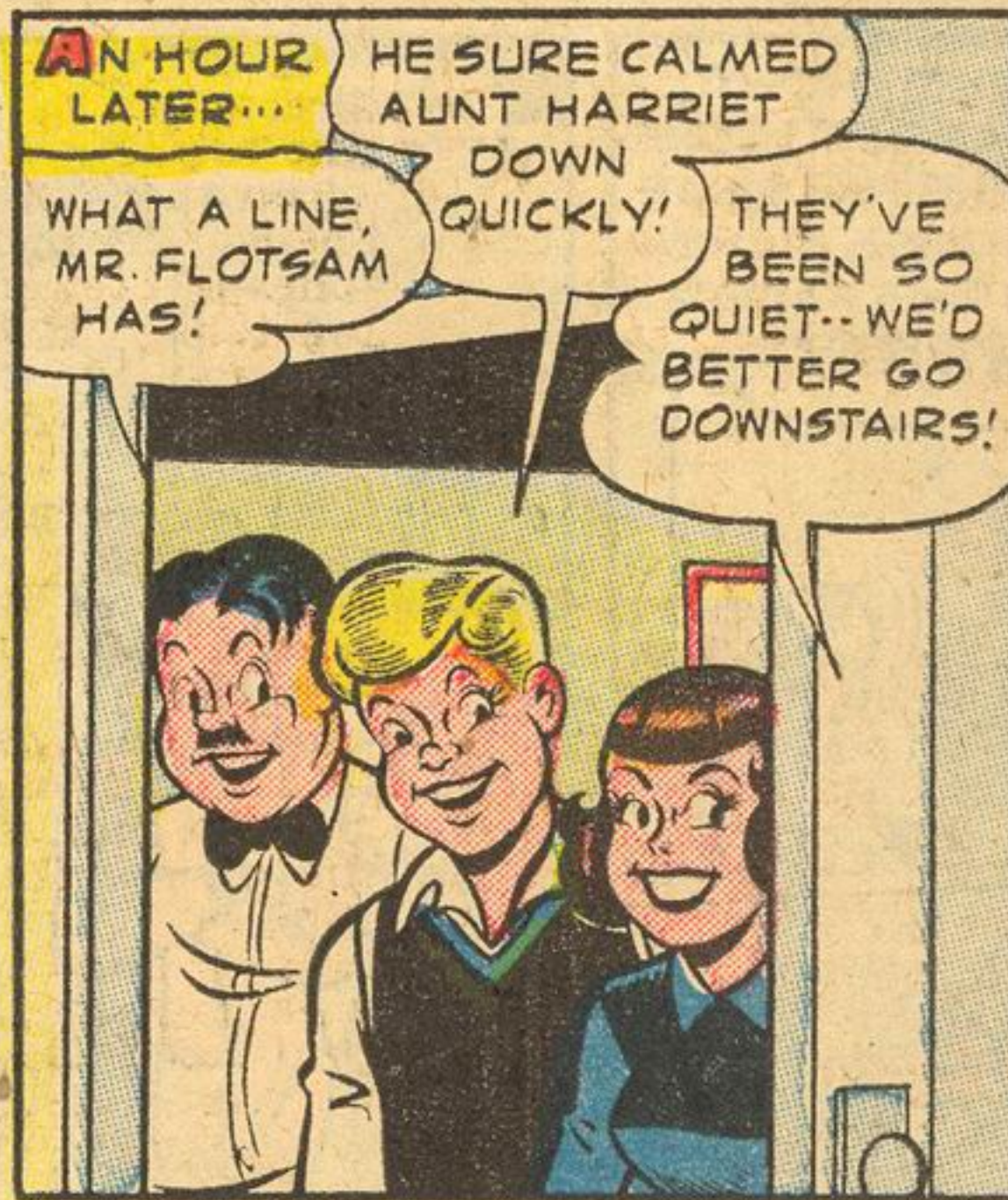
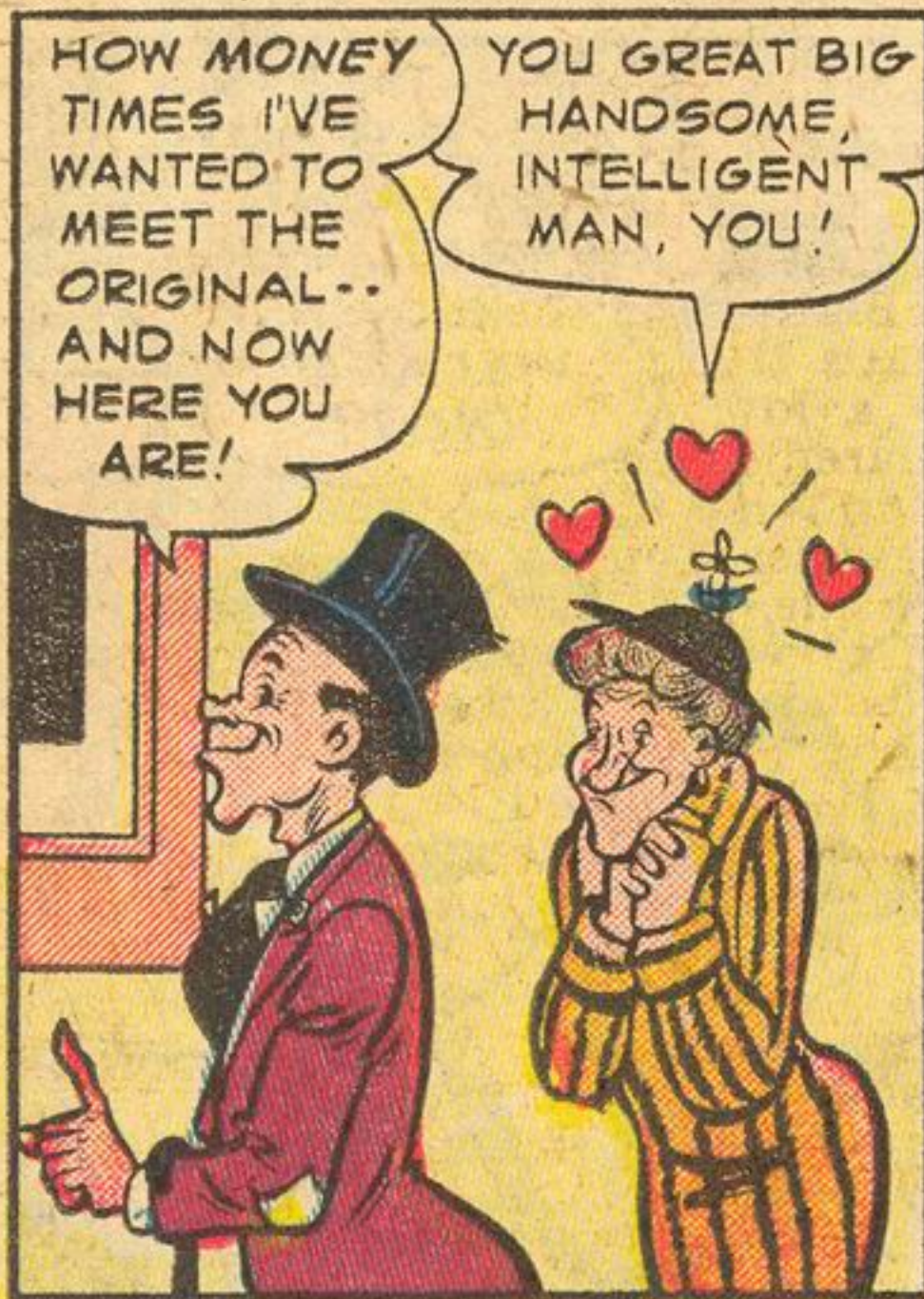
THE VISITOR



CANDY







CANDY

Exciting INTERVIEWS

"Hi, pigeon fluff," hailed Ted Dawson as he jammed the old jalopy to a stop on front of Candy O'Connor's house. Candy scrambled into the car and said breathlessly, "If we don't make some time, we'll be late for the afternoon session again, Ted. Let's zoom." Soon they dashed in the main entrance of Hartwick High School. Miss Kramer stopped their headlong rush for English Class with, "No class for you two this period." They stopped short. "Aw, Miss Kramer," started Ted, in a pleading tone, "we're not that late, it was all the fault of the old jalopy and..." She smiled tolerantly. "I've got a job for you demon reporters, one I think you'll find to your liking. Come along to the student council room. There's a meeting of the Hartwick Headlines staff."

Hartwick Headlines was the names of the school tabloid and both Candy and Ted were active on the paper. Once inside the room, they settled down to hear the scoop. Miss Kramer announced that they had been appointed to interview two screen celebrities who were making a cross-country tour to further public interest in motion pictures. They were due to make a surprise appearance at the Hartwick Theatre that very evening. Ted leaned over to Candy, "Probably character actors," he whispered. "Not a chance that they might ship Lana Lowry into town." Candy glared at him. Ted laughed softly, the mere mention of another gal always ruffled Candy's feathers. Miss Kramer had been talking to the editors of the paper and she now stood up to speak to the group. "As I mentioned earlier, this is a job any reporter would like, the actors to be interviewed are Miss Lana Lowry..." "Yahoo," interrupted Ted, accompanied by a few low whistles from the other boys present. Miss Kramer raised her hand for silence. "... and Mr. Stewart Blair!" Candy's eyes went wide, as an envious sigh emanated from the rest of the girls in the room. "Candy and Ted have an appointment to interview the stars shortly before they go on stage," continued Miss Kramer. "Candy will see Mr. Blair in his dressing room and Ted will interview Miss Lowry in her dressing room at the theatre." Miss Kramer gave them each last minute instructions on questions they were to ask, and they left the room together.

"You needn't look so smug about interviewing Lana Lowry, Ted Dawson," said Candy, as they headed for the classroom. "I'm going to see the heart throb of the ages, you know. Stewart Blair has always been my dream man." Ted snapped out of his reverie as Candy swung into the classroom ahead of him. "I hope she doesn't fall for that zombie," he mused, as he sat down at his desk.

As they drove home from school they kept needling each other on the relative merits of the two stars they were to see later in the day. "You know these movie guys aren't impressed with small town high school girls, Candy," said Ted with a worried expression on his face. "Besides, the guy is probably a class A creep!" "Hmph! Don't expect Lana Lowry to swoon at the sight of you, Ted Dawson," replied Candy, frostily. "She's probably old enough to be your mother, anyway." Ted jammed the car to a stop in front of Candy's house. "Okay, cut the sarcasm," he snapped, "I'll call for you later and we'll beat it down to the theatre." "Thanks anyway," said Candy, snootily, "but I plan to go down in a taxicab. Goodbye!" And she stepped out of the car and stalked directly to the front door. Ted chugged off, looking furious.

Once in the house, Candy scanned every movie magazine available. She read article after article on the glamorous Stewart Blair and after going over them thoroughly, she raced upstairs to spend the next hour in her room. She emerged looking years older. Her hair was slicked back in a chignon, her eyelashes glistened with mascara, and she wore a slim dark dress from which she had removed the crisp white collar and cuffs. At the theatre, she climbed out of the taxi just as Ted coughed to a stop in his car. He was dressed in his best suit, his blond hair smoothed down and a carnation in his buttonhole. When he spotted Candy, his mouth fell open. "Egad, girl," he spouted. "Why the get-up?" "I wouldn't talk if I were you, Mr. Dawson," she replied haughtily. "It just so happens that Stewart Blair likes sophisticated women."

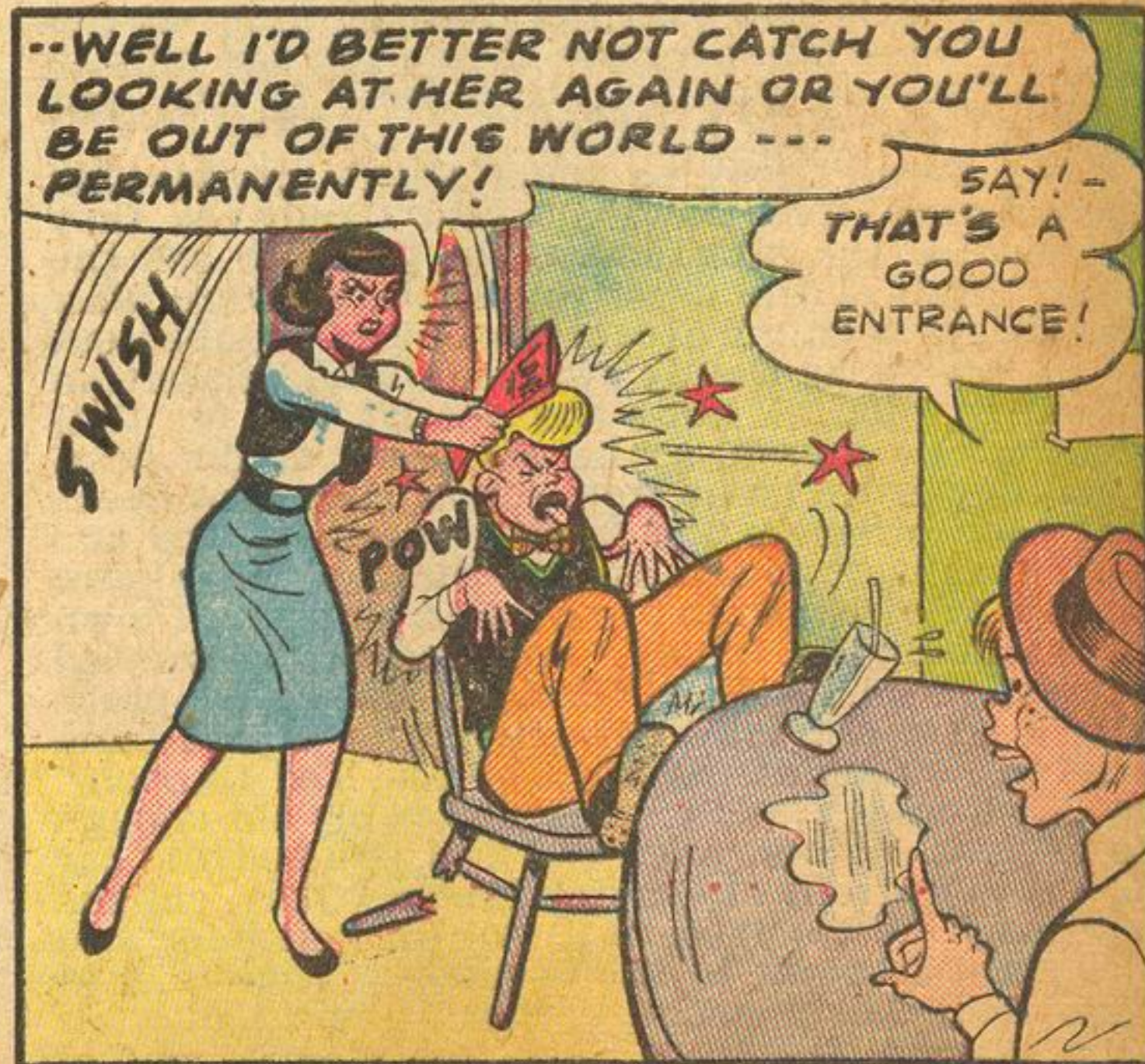
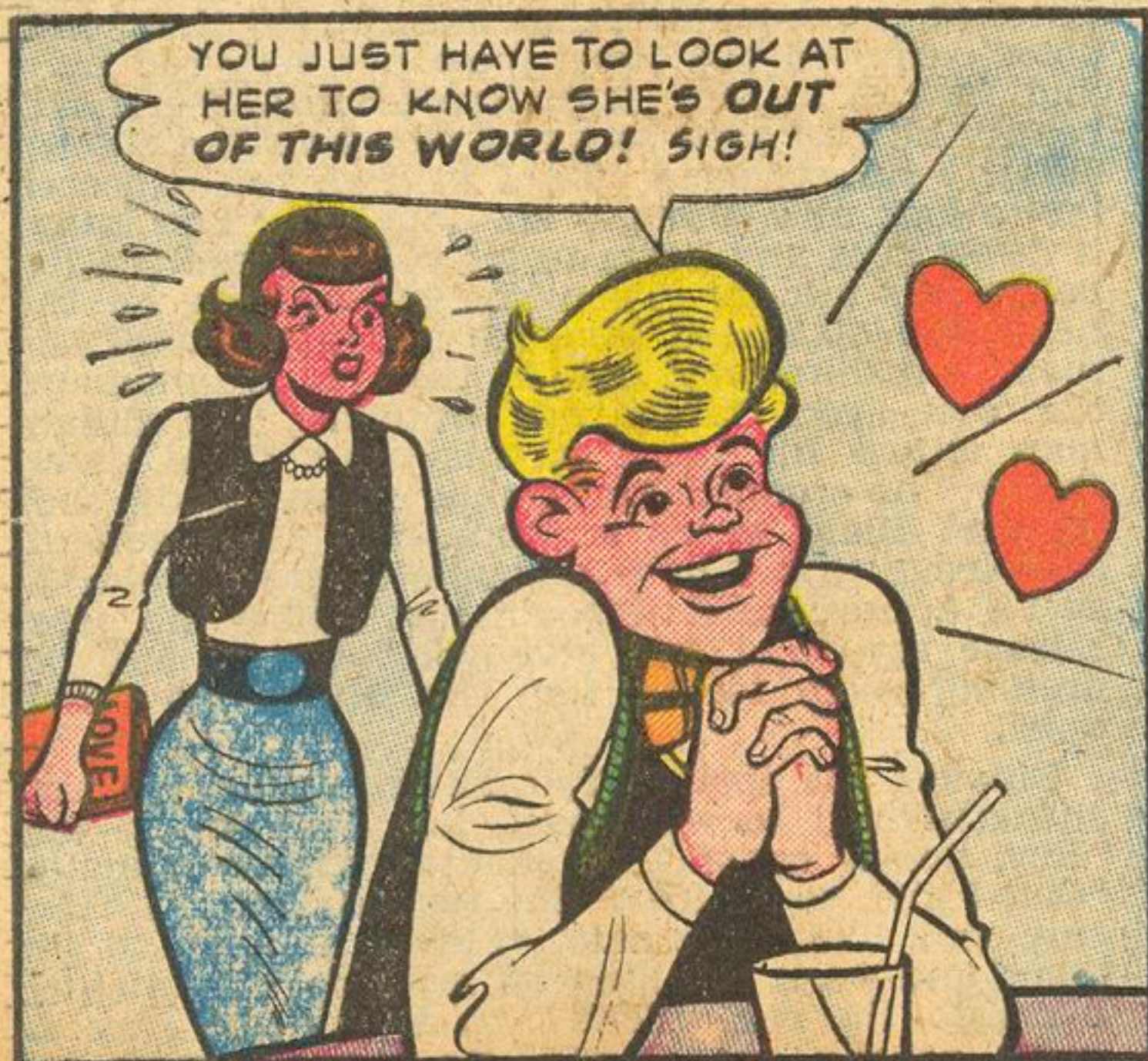
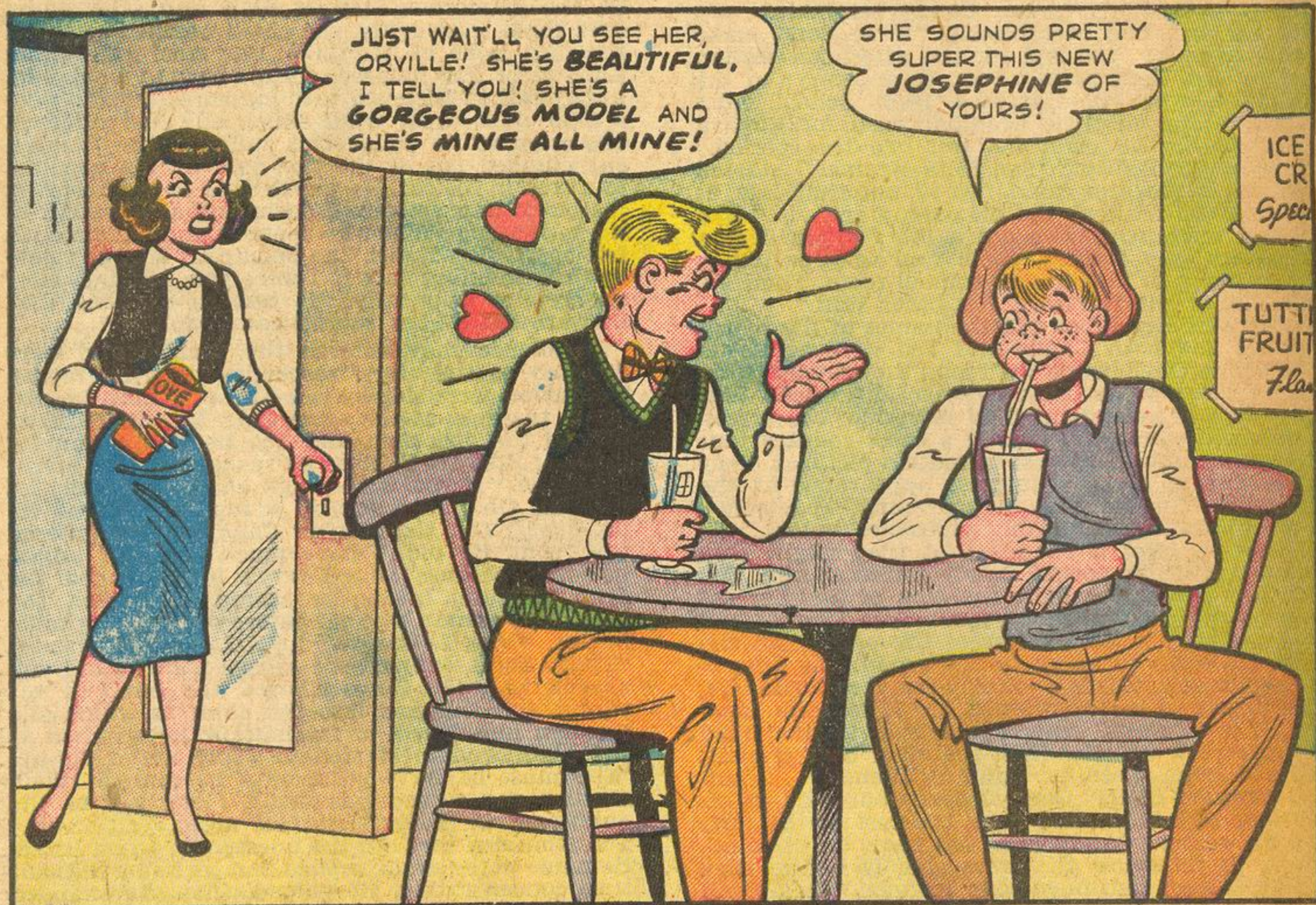
In silence they entered the theatre and were directed to the stars' respective dressing rooms. The rooms were side by side and they both knocked on the door at the same time. Mr. Blair's valet opened the door first and Ted heard the throaty tones of Stewart Blair as he spoke from the dressing table. "If that's the high school reporter, let him in. Oh, it's a lovely, young lady. Come in, my dear." Ted glared after Candy as she entered the room. He didn't have much time for anger, however, because Miss Lowry's maid opened the door for him. Inside, he stared blankly at the barefaced woman who sat before the dressing table mirror. "Miss L-Lowry?" he asked incredulously. "That's right, sonny," she snapped. "Who did you expect, Lassie?" He swallowed the lump in his throat and slumped into the chair to which she directed him. Then, in fascination, he watched as the plain woman started to apply her make-up. "She must be forty years old," he mused. "Well, sonny," she sighed resignedly, "let's get to the questions, we haven't got all night, you know." Ted stumbled through the questions he had listed. He made notes as she replied, but he had a difficult time concentrating. He gulped when she snapped open the box containing her false eyelashes and watched, open-mouthed, as she slipped them into place, removed the towel from her very red hair, and turned to him, transformed into the movie beauty he had seen so many times on the screen. "Wow!" he exploded. "Do I look as you expected me to look now, sonny?" she laughed. "You know, it never does any harm to let you kids see the lily before it's gilded." Then she patted him on the head and dismissed him. He slumped out of the room, a disillusioned boy. At that precise moment, the wide-eyed Candy was watching her dream man adjust his toupe on his head. "You know, Candy," he crooned, "my public doesn't know that Stewart Blair wears a toupe. Nor is it general knowledge that I have a couple of grandchildren, so I'll appreciate it if you'll just follow the press release my valet will give you." Candy left his dressing room feeling like the world had fallen apart.

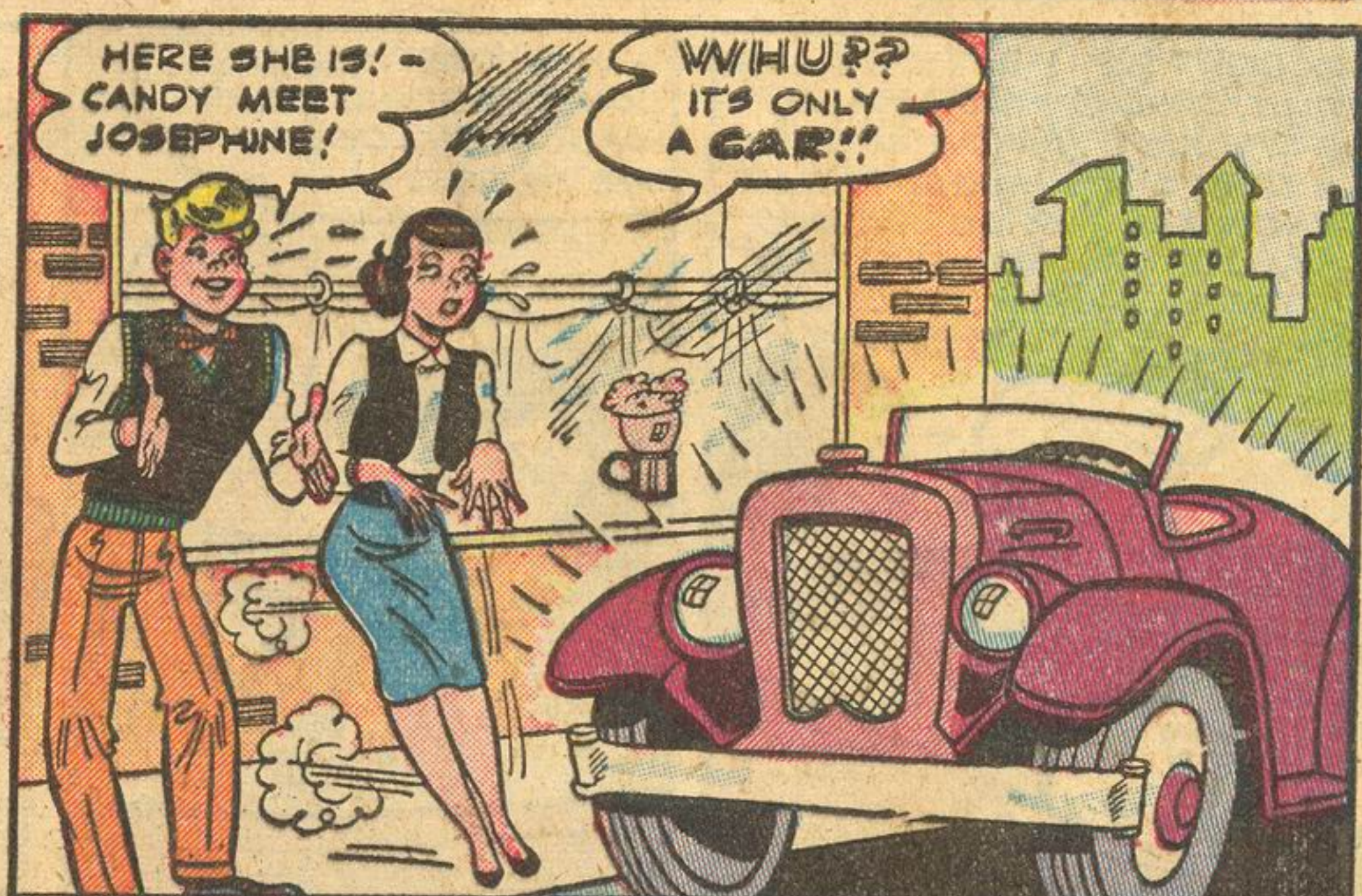
Outside, she spotted Ted, loafing in his car and she contrived to walk past, her nose in the air. "Hey, dream queen," he shouted enthusiastically. "Can I give you a lift?" She turned, smiling. "You sure can, Ted," she said. "I'm in a hurry to get home and wash this stuff off my face." Ted helped her into the car. "Yeah," he said, "just stay as sweet as you are, Candy. No movie queens for this boy." And they both burst into helpless laughter as the old jalopy leaped to a start.

CANDY

CANDY

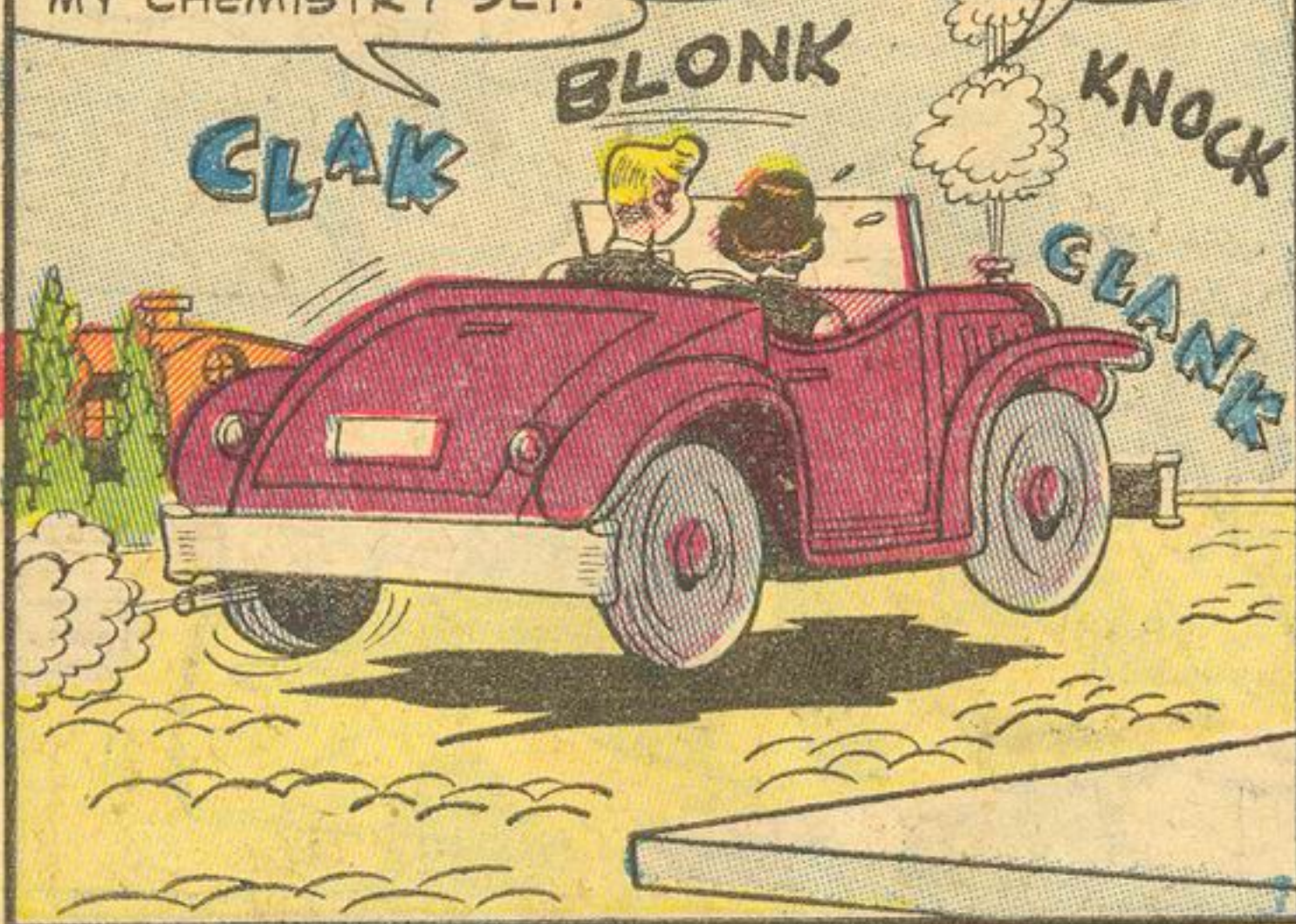
"MOTOR TROUBLE"





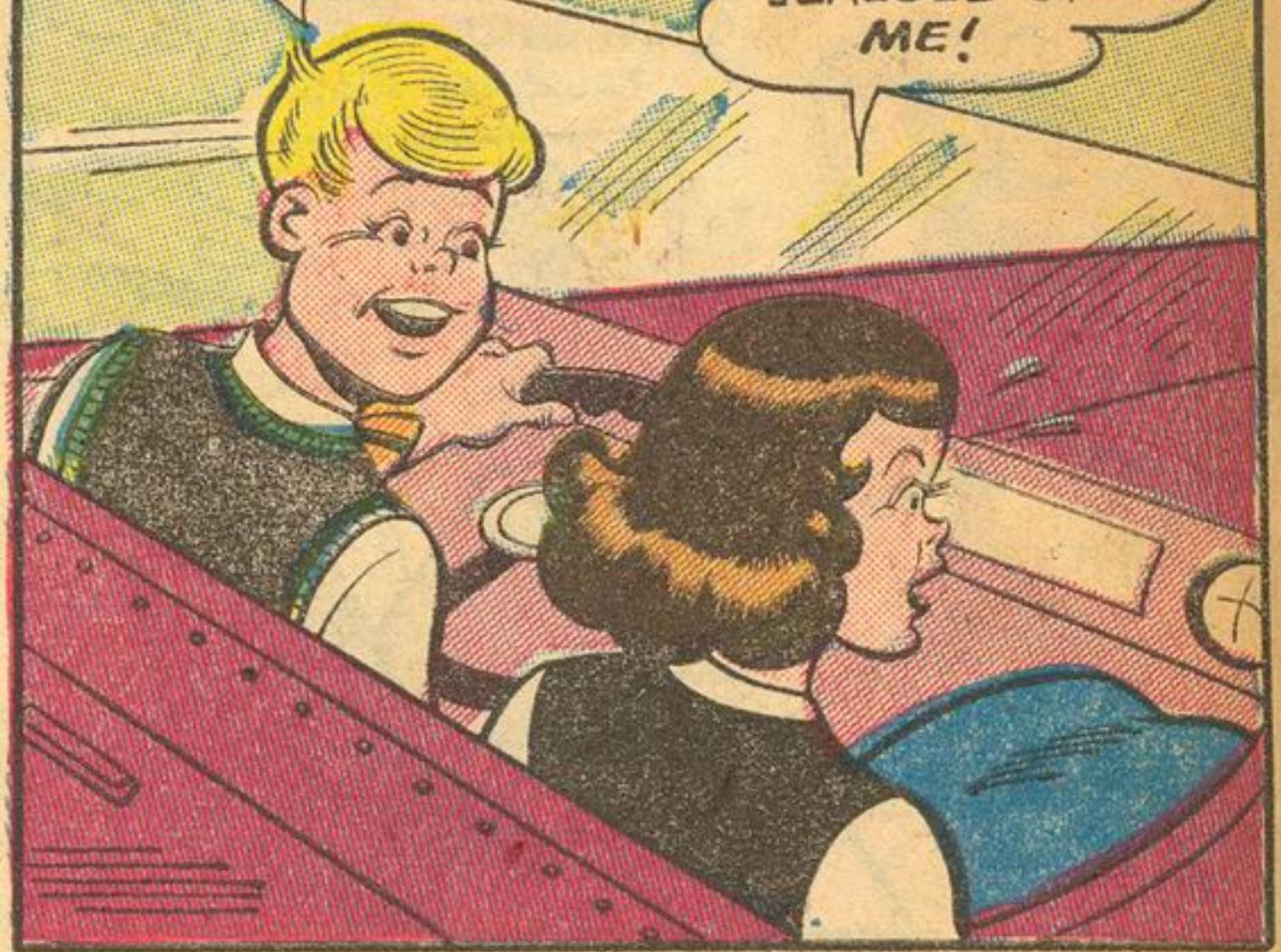
I TRADED ARTHUR CRAGMIRE MY OLD JALOPY FOR IT! HE DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE THE DEAL UNTIL I THREW IN MY CHEMISTRY SET!

WHERE DID HE THROW IT, UNDER THE HOOD?



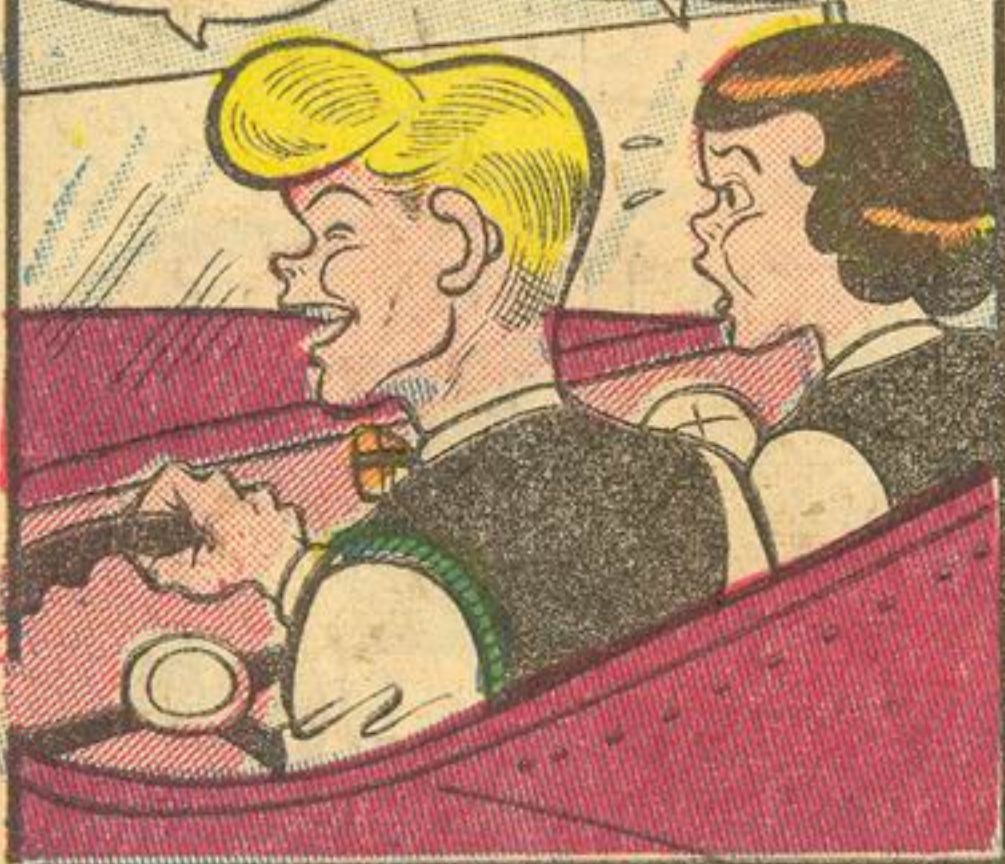
OH, NOW DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE JEALOUS OF JOSEPHINE!

NO, BUT I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING THAT JOSEPHINE IS JEALOUS OF ME!



OH, DON'T BE SILLY, CANDY! SHE'S JUST A CAR! I KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM!

-BUT SHE'S ALSO A FEMALE, AND I KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM! SHE'S JEALOUS OF ME, I TELL YOU!



AWW FORGET ABOUT JOSEPHINE AND COME SNUGGLE CLOSE TO ME WHILE I ----



-EEK??

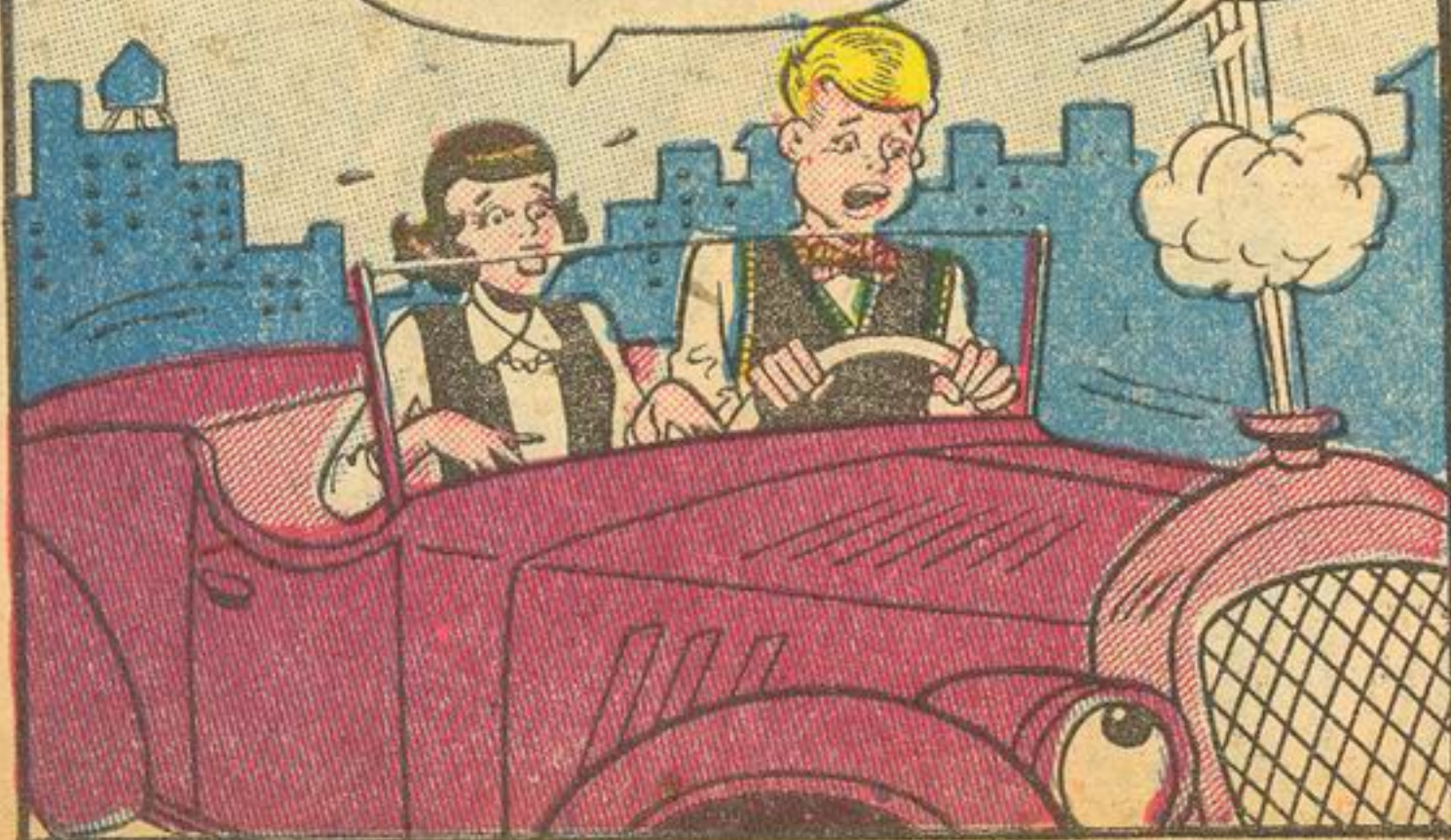
HUH?



THERE YOU SEE! I TOLD YOU SHE WAS J-E-L-L-U-S OF ME!

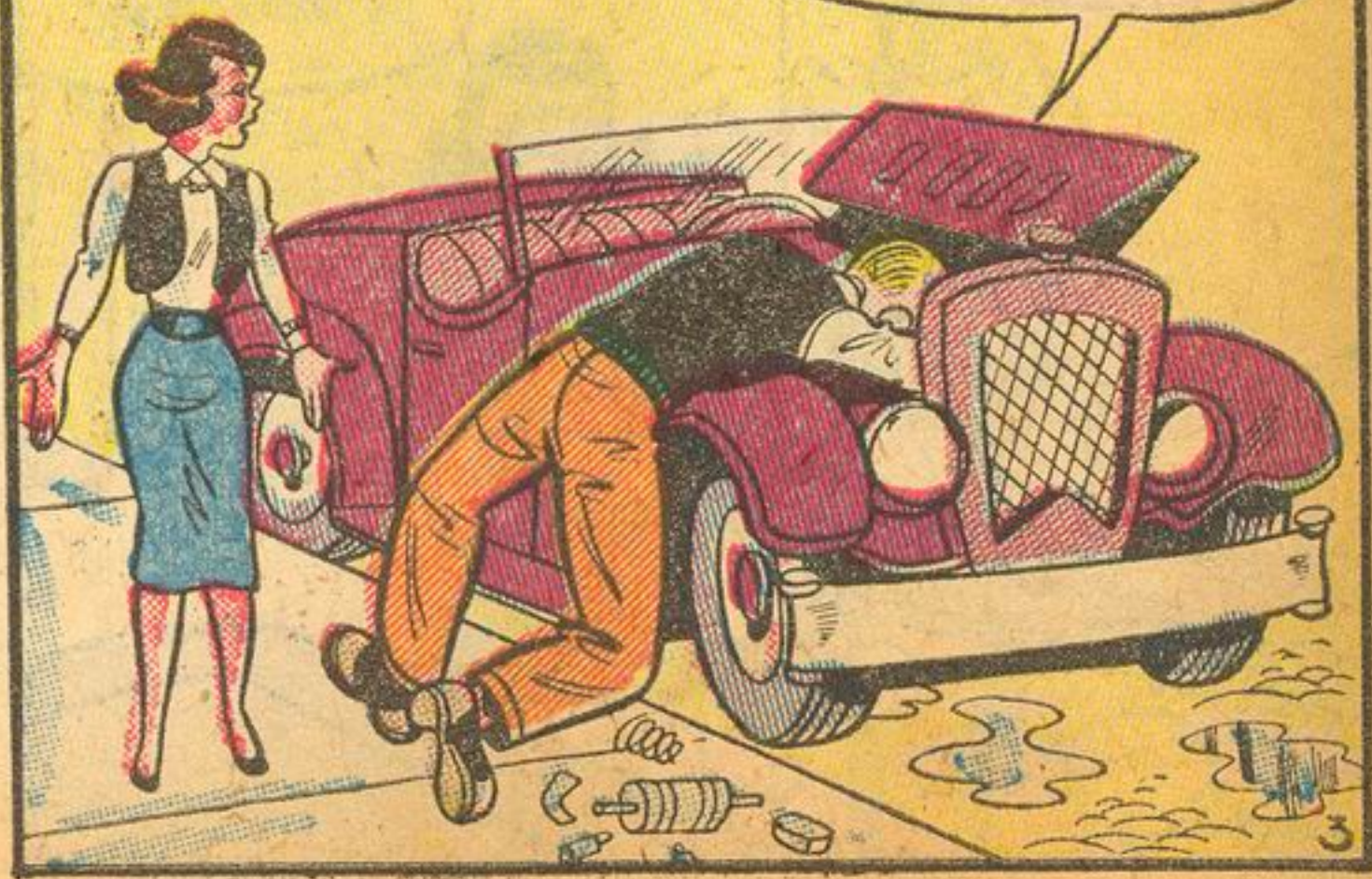
OH DEAR! - I'LL BET SHE EVEN UNDERSTOOD THAT!

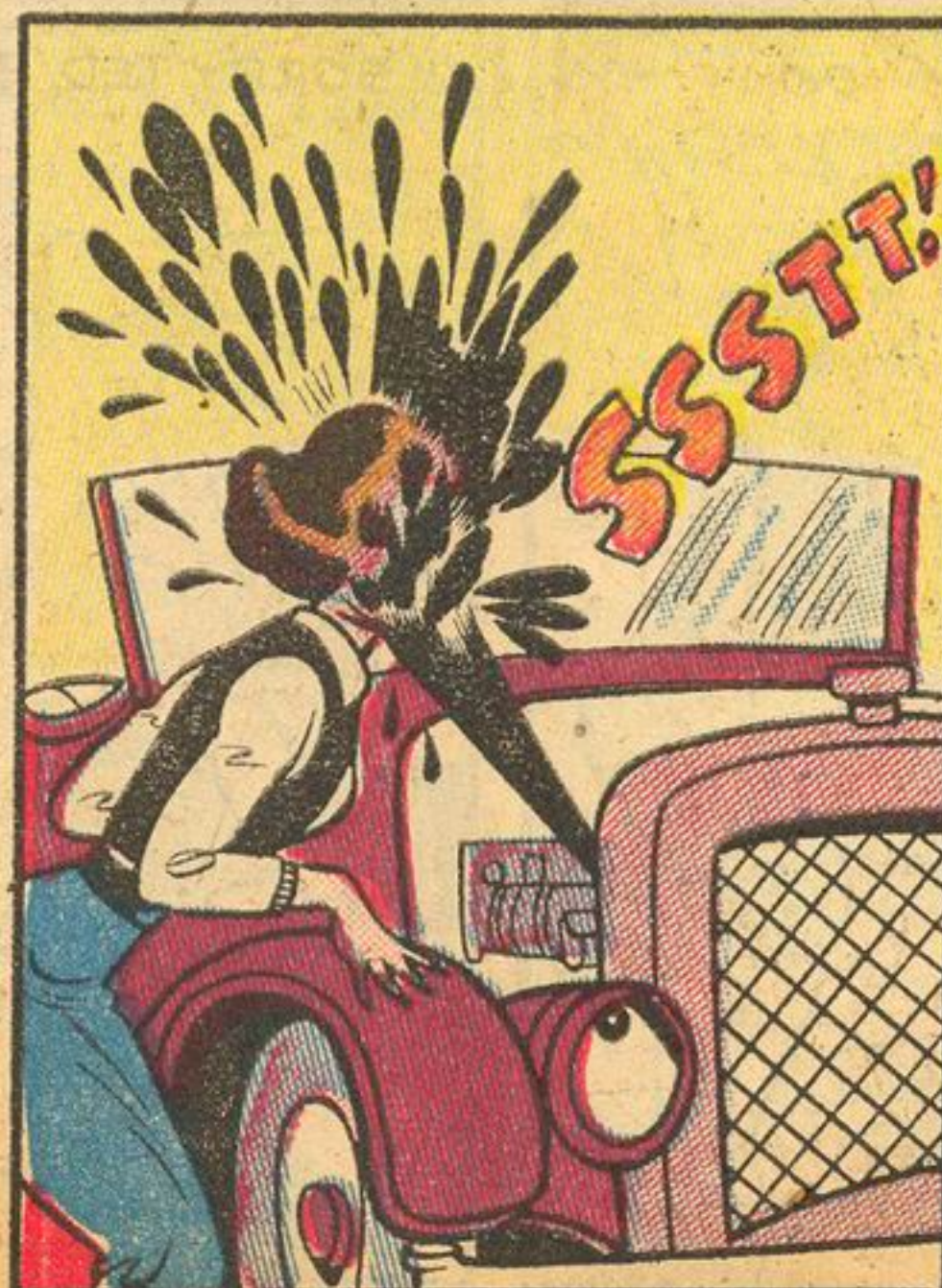
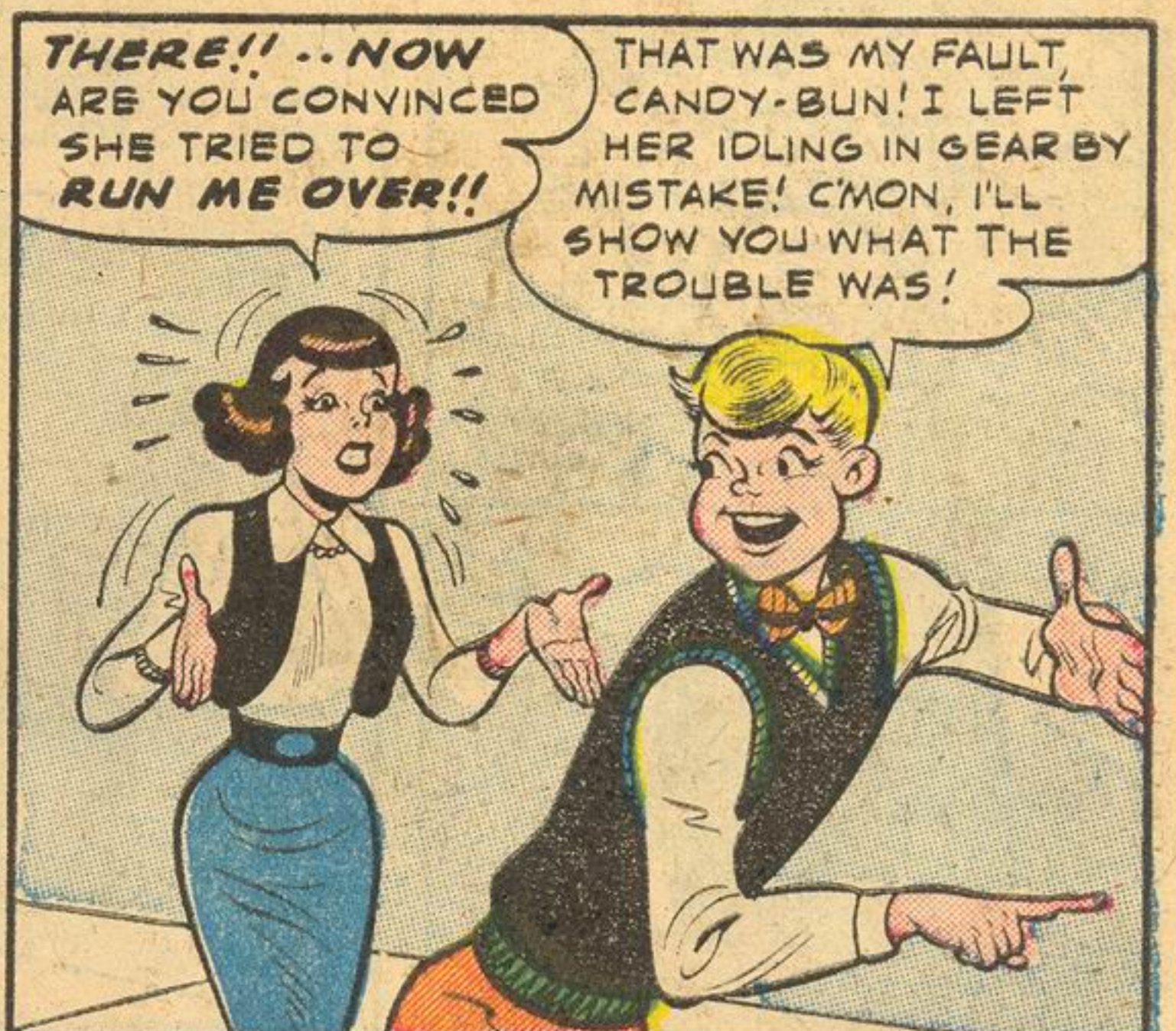
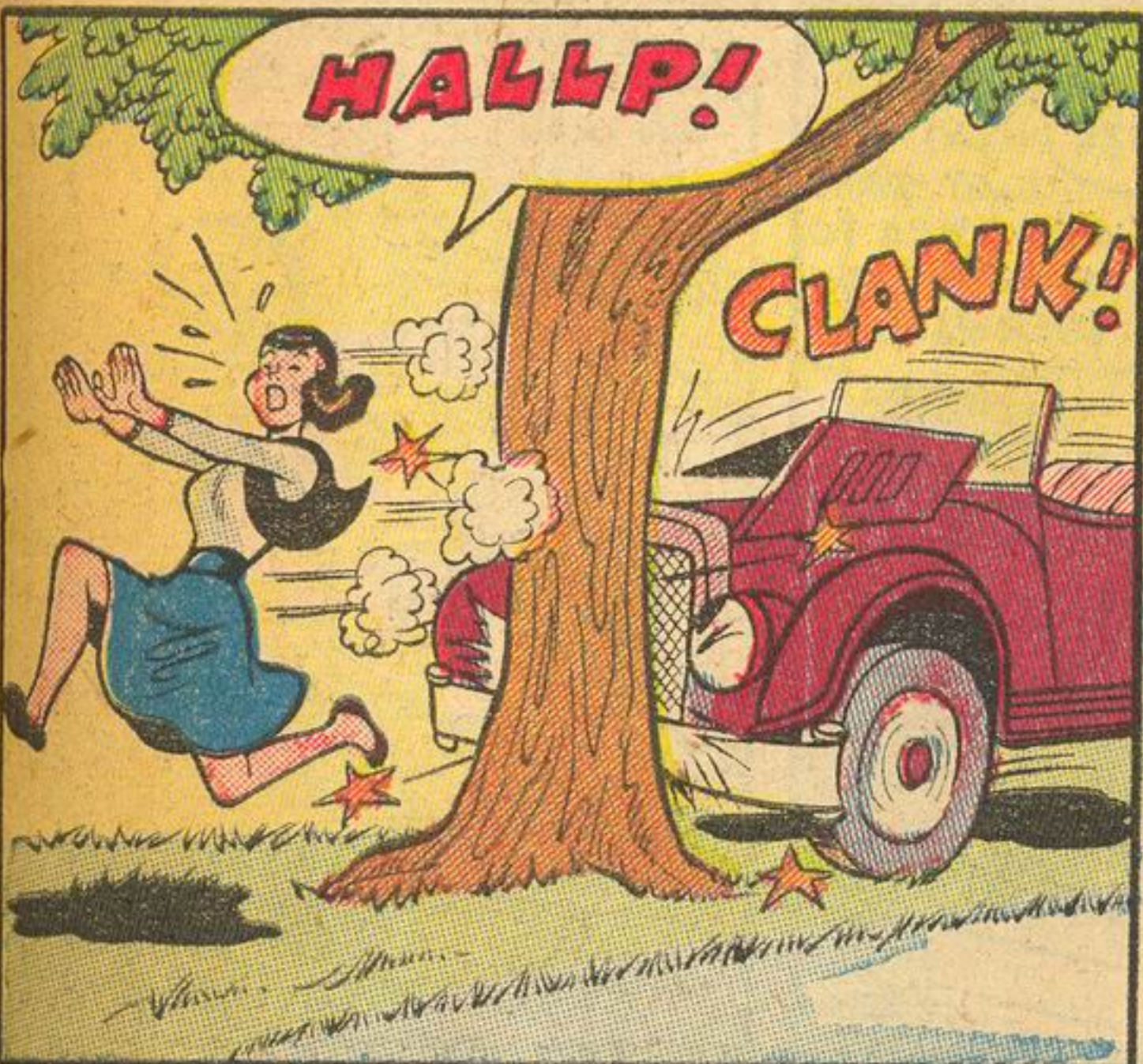
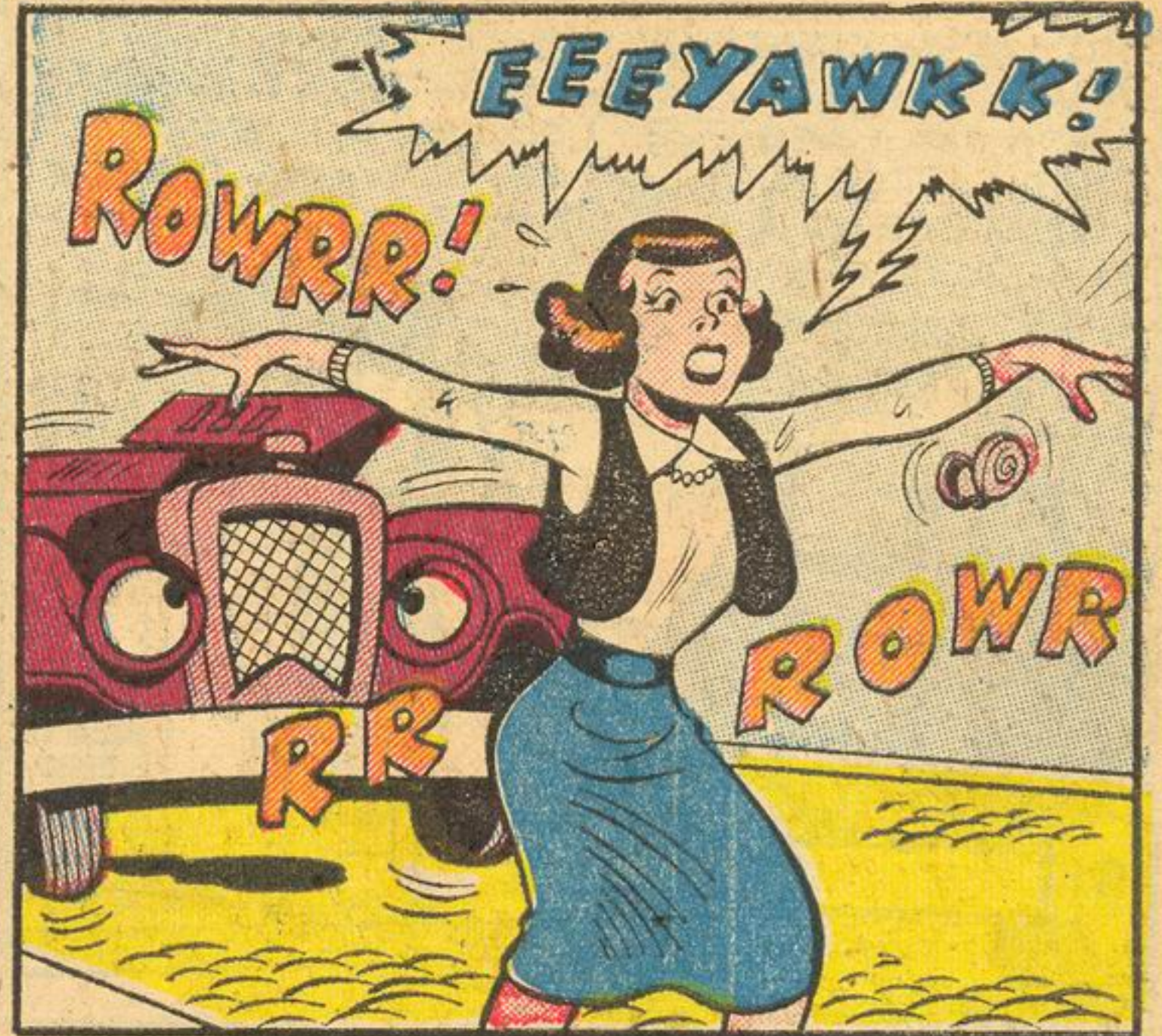
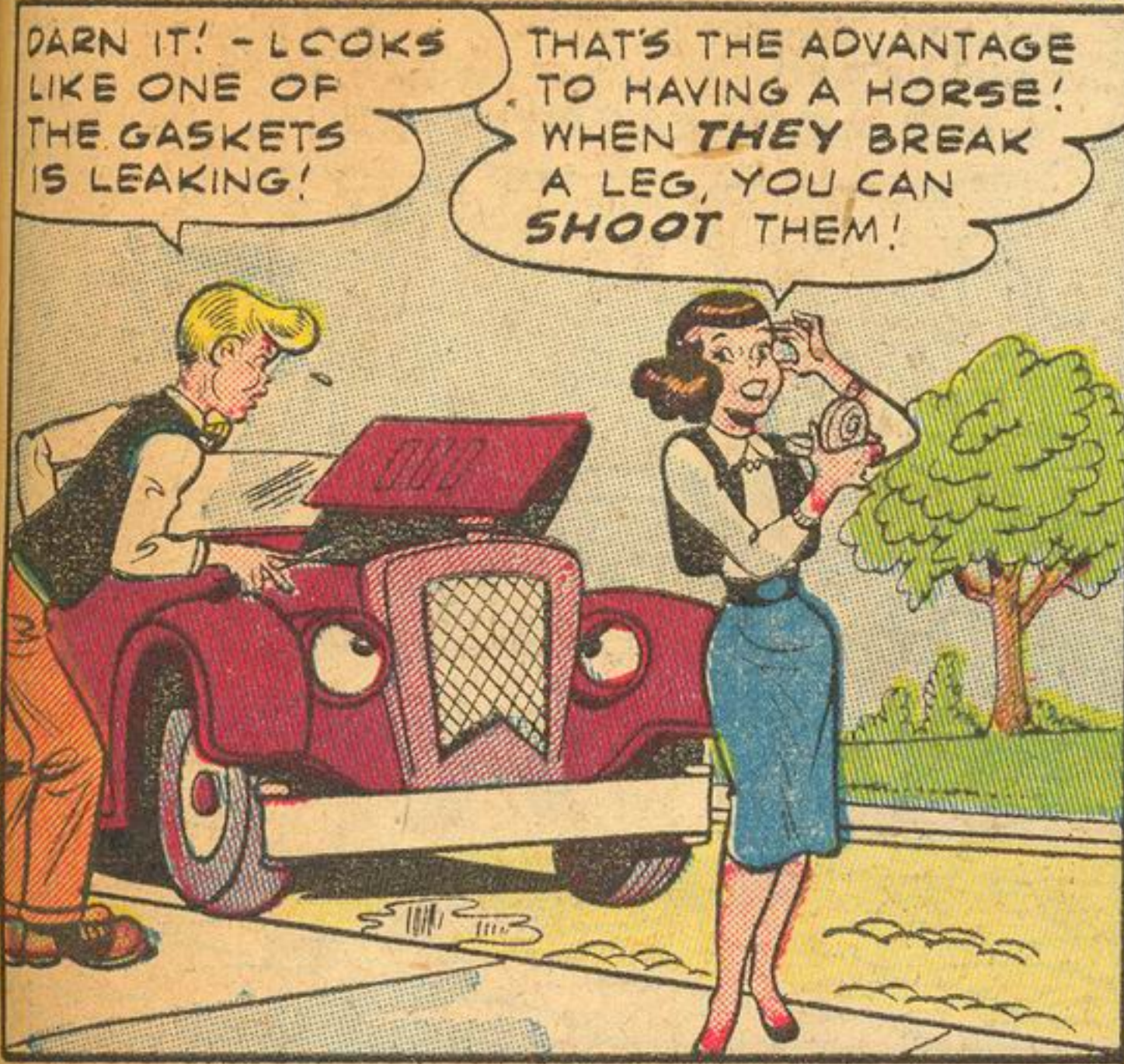
DON'T WORRY! NOT THE WAY YOU SPELL!



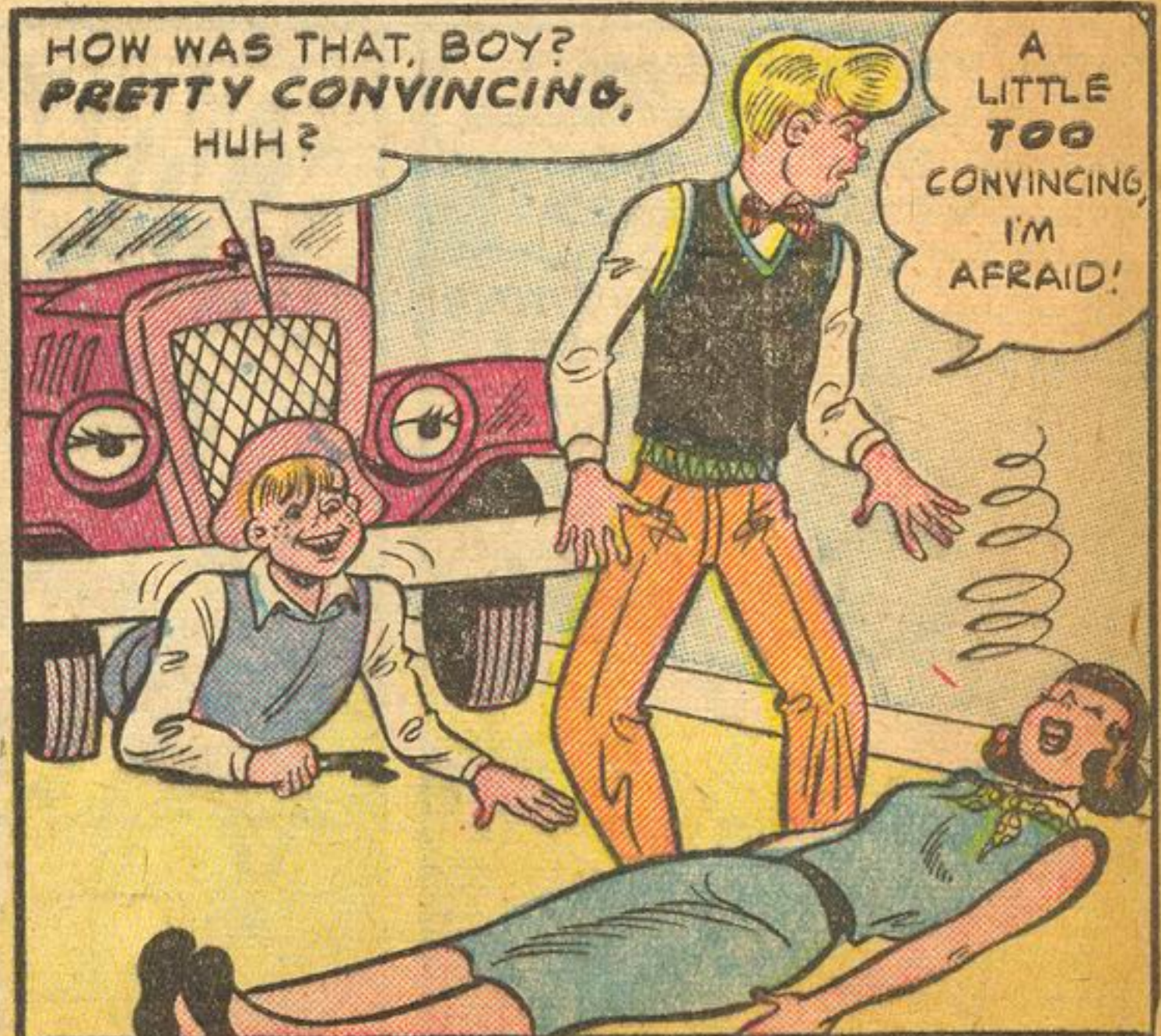
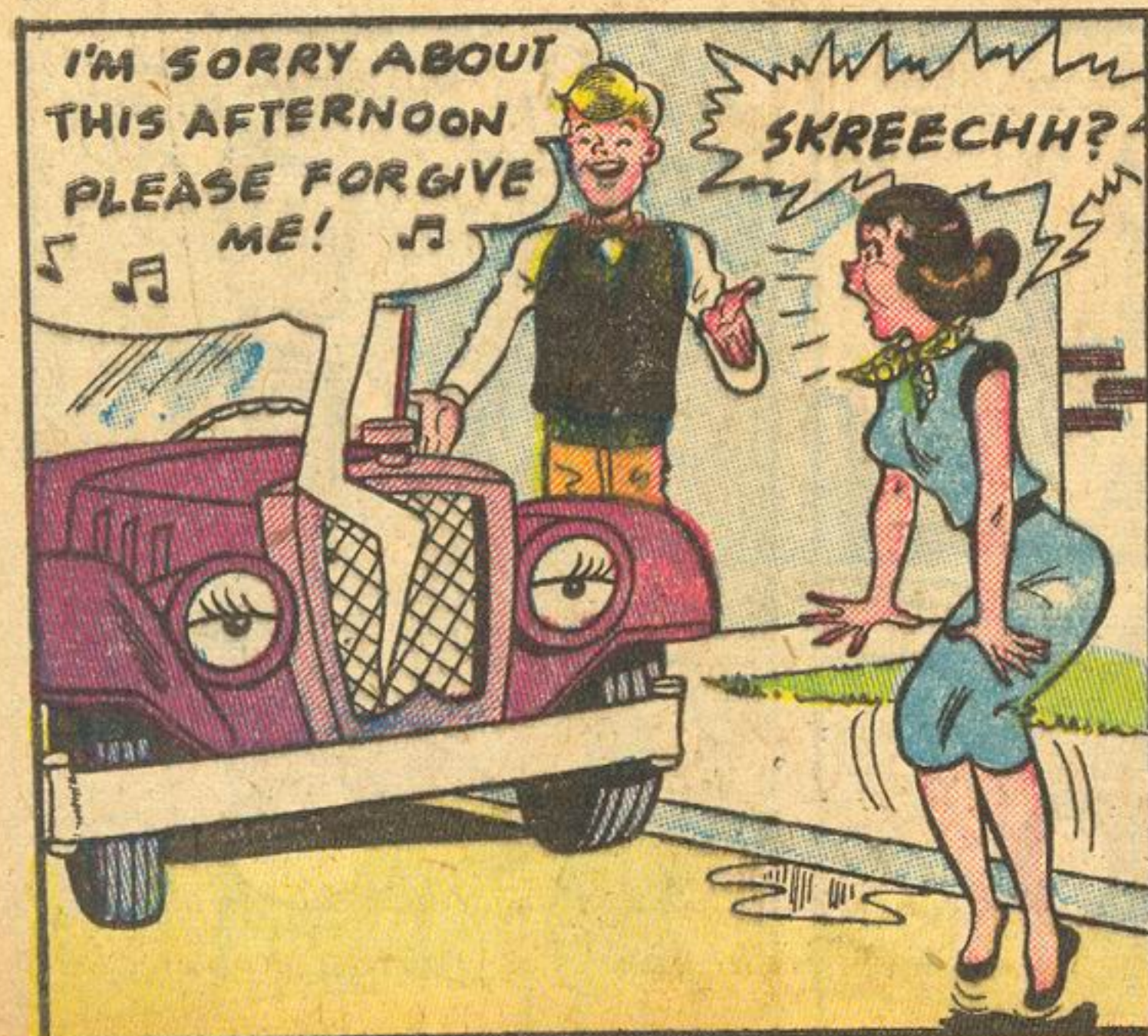
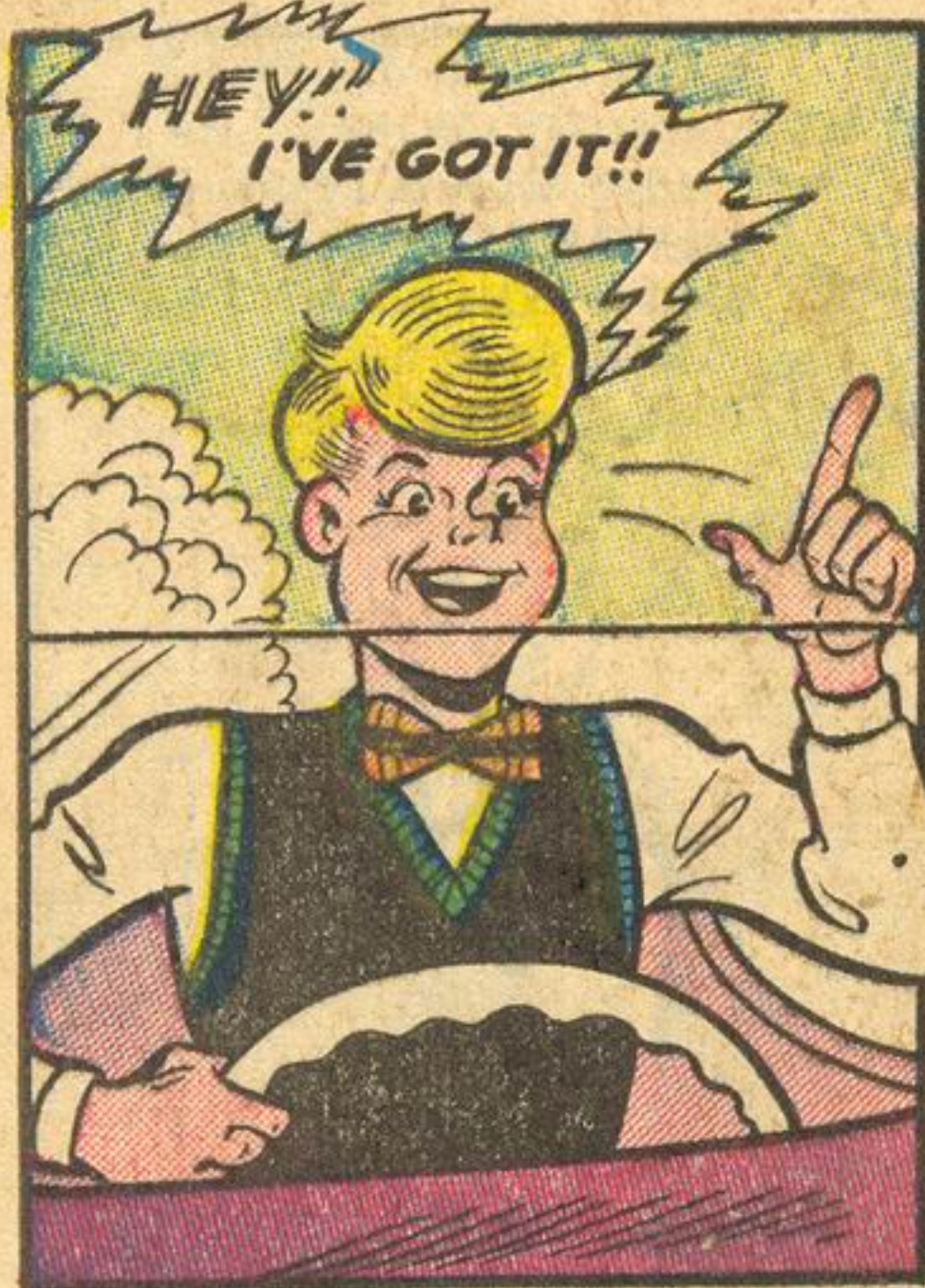
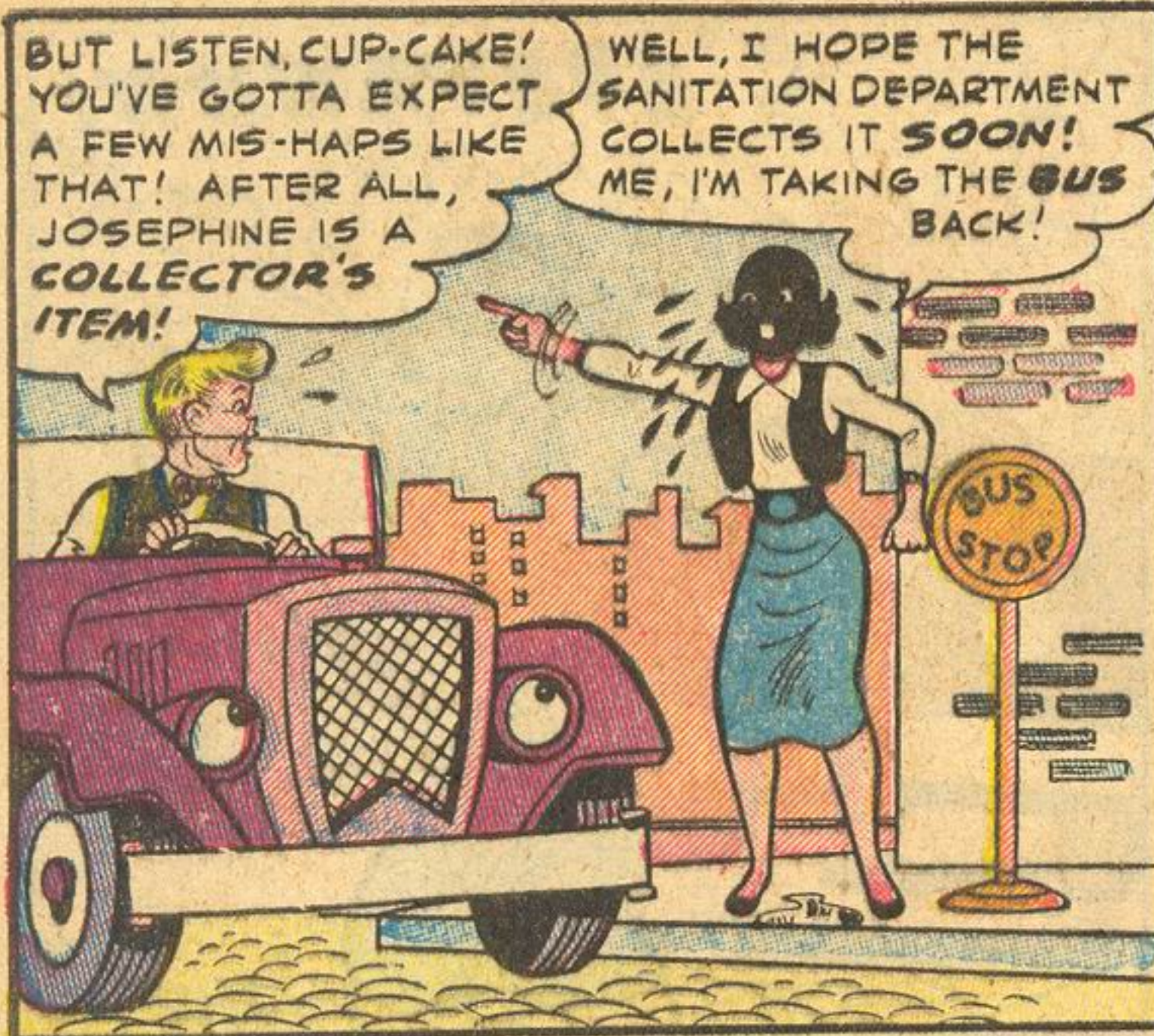
I'M SORRY TED, BUT I REFUSE TO SIT IN THAT CAR ALONE! I HAVE A DISTINCT FEELING THAT SHE DISLIKES ME!

OH, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS CANDY! CARS DON'T HAVE EMOTIONS, AND YOU KNOW IT!





CANDY



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\$10 TO \$15 WEEK SPARE TIME
"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios . . . averaged \$10 to \$15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

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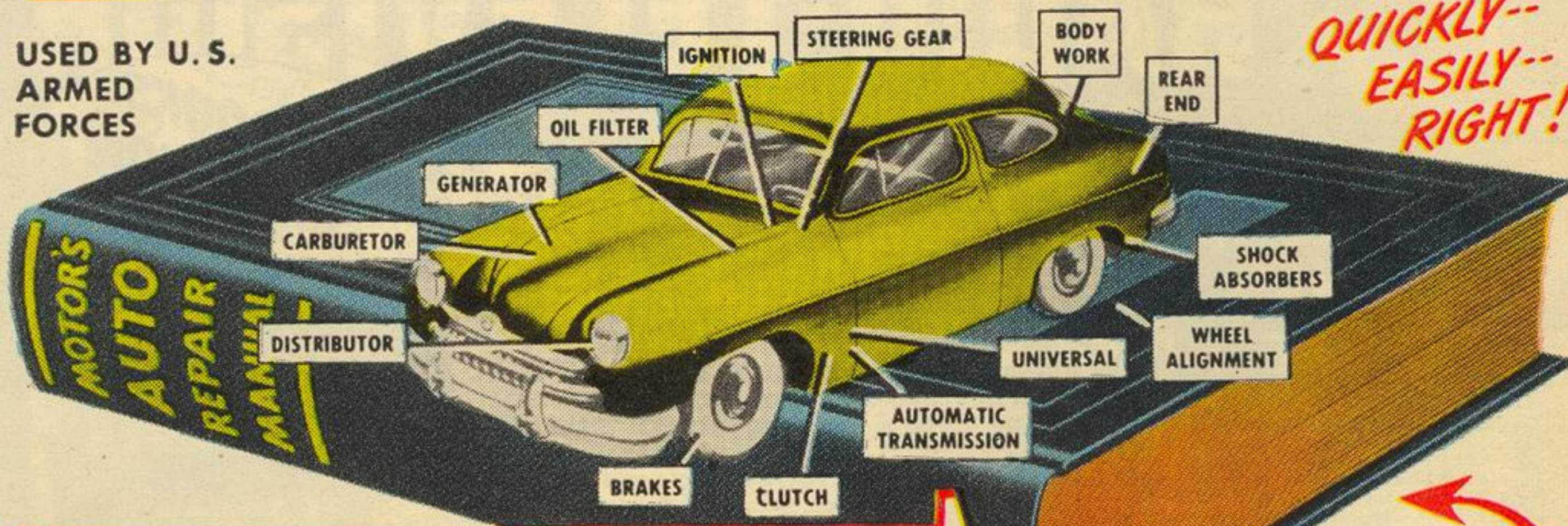


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How to Be a
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HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

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